THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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"TOO LATE."

So Bitterly Exclaimed Patrick Sarsfield when the French Fleet of Louis XIV Arrived After Limerick had Surrendered.

Irish Honor, he Said, was Pledged and the Capitulation was Consummated.

How England Appreciated Irish Honor.

THE HONOR OF IRELAND.

On the 3d of October, as I have said, the treaty was signed. A few days afterwards the long looked for French fleet, bearing men, food, money, clothing—all that would have enabled Limerick to conquer—sailed into the Shannon. It must have been a sight to break the hearts of those brave people who had been ready, nay anxious, to fight for their cause to the last, even without this tardy succor. Sarsfield himself was almost overwhelmed by the tidings, and by his bitter regret that he had not been able to listen to the pleadings of those who were ready to shed the last drop of their blood beside him; for, remembering all that had passed, the national party were loth to trust to the fairest promises of those who had never yet kept faith with them. But he had signed the treaty, and, come what might, he would keep his word, though his heart misgave him; in mournful silence he heard the news of the French fleet being in the Shannon, then "Too late," he said, "the Treaty is signed; our honor is pledged—the honor of Ireland. Though a hundred thousand French offered to aid us now, we must keep our plighted troth."

From the northern turret we look out upon a level green sward, around three sides of which the Shannon flows. A remnant of the old town walls runs a little way down by the river, and above the wall is an ancient churchyard. The green is a sunny, peaceful spot, where children love to play and old people take quiet strolls along the banks. This is "The King's Island," the scene of Sarsfield's last review of his troops on Irish ground—of the last agony, the last battle ever fought in Ireland by that brave army; a fierce battle of the heart it must have been, for the issue was either to turn their arms against people, faith and country, or to leave that beloved country for ever.

It was the 6th of October, 1691. Drawn up in array upon the King's Island were the Irish forces, to whom Sarsfield had, upon the previous day, explained the choice they were called upon to make. The Catholic ecclesiastics now addressed the men, urging them to enter the service of King Louis of France, and gain for themselves freedom, an honorable career, the chance of fortune and glory, and the hope of one day returning to free their native land. Ginckle, on his part, sent emissaries among the soldiery, promising them, if they would join William's army, all that can tempt a mere soldier who is not a patriot.

DECISIVE MOMENT.

And now came the decisive moment. To the right on that green island below was raised the standard of France, to the left the English standard. Those who elected to follow Sarsfield's fortunes and fight for France were to defile to the right, those for King William to the left.

King James' Guards, a magnificent regiment, still 1,400 strong, came first, anxiously watched by all. In a body, they turned to the right—choosing exile for ever, rather than give their manhood to serve those they only knew as oppressors: seven men and one officer only of this regiment went for England. Battalion after battalion filed past; some went to swell the English ranks, but nearly all chose exile, for, of 14,000 men who marched out of Limerick that day, 1,046 alone enlisted under William's standard.

Who could picture the days that followed—the agonized scenes, as one regiment after another parted from home, from country, from every friend and relative they loved on earth? It is little wonder that, as the Irish troops bound for France passed through the streets of the city on their way to Cork, the officers could not prevent many of the men from deserting for their homes; yet, in those days, of the strongest, bravest men of our land, 25,000 in all sailed from Ireland, never to return; they went to shed their blood for other lands and other homes, but never more were they to strike a blow with their strong arms for the weak and desolate they left behind.

The gallant Patrick Sarsfield died a few years later at the battle of Landen; and as he lay mortally wounded he steeped his own hand in his blood, and, looking mournfully at it, exclaimed with his last breath—"Oh! that this were for Ireland."

He was in truth a loyal Irishman, and his name lives as fresh in the people's memories today as when he and the heroines of Limerick defended the city walls. That day is celebrated in Limerick by a public procession through the streets, and "Sarsfield" is literally a household word in the old town. I stopped one day last August to look into a stationer's window in the Irish town; a little boy and girl, not more than five or six years old, came up, hand in hand, and stopped too—"Look," said the little girl to her companion, "that's Sarsfield"—indicating the Duke of Fife in a picture representing his marriage with the young English Princess.

THE VIOLATED TREATY.

And the Treaty, how was it kept? Is it not enough that old Limerick is known as "The City of the Violated Treaty"? I sat a long time one day on the Island Bank, listening to the stories of an old one-armed soldier, who, as he ended a long account of the siege, bade me mark well that Limerick was "never to be taken by the English."

Before we descend from the Cathedral tower I will point out rapidly some of the prominent places in the fair landscape that stretches far away on every side. Looking out beyond that part of the King's Island last spoken of, our view goes northward and follows the river as it winds along, looking like a sheet of silver in contrast with the groves that mark those prettiest suburbs of Limerick, Parteen and Corbally. Not a spot that is visible but has its own historic and legendary interest. Just behind the trees of Corbally is an old churchyard, and, not very far away, out in the Shannon, is a little island; island and churchyard connected with a curious tradition of the war; the time, the night King William appeared before Limerick. It was at that place that the passage of the river to the Clare bank was basely sold to the English by a fisherman named McAdam, who, when all the other fishermen of the district fled to Cratloe Wood, remained behind, pretending sickness as his excuse for not going with the others. As he lay in his house, the soldiers, who had had a hint of where a traitor might be found, came up and placed by his door a keg of gold, a block and a hatchet, then led McAdam out, showed him the gold and the lands around, and told him to choose—riches and life, or the block and death. He chose gold and land, led the soldiers down to the river, and pointed out the spot where they could pass the water; there is yet to be seen part of the "Corrig-a-clouragh," or boat-rock; to this rock chains were affixed, by which means a bridge of boats was made and the English foe passed over to Clare. McAdam is buried in Kilquane churchyard, a little way only from the scene of his base act, and all who pass that way are shown "The Traitor's Grave," which for generations the townspeople used to visit every Sunday, heaping bitter curses on him whose grave is marked by the epitaph—

"Here lies the body of Philip the traitor,
Lived a fisherman, and died a deceiver."

Onward the river courses by a sweep of rich, undulating greensward and dark masses of trees, the whole horizon bounded by the Cratoe hills, whose woods once sheltered many a Rapparee and Tory. Far away to the north Keeper Hill marks where Killaloe lies, embosomed in verdure, at the opening to famed Lough Derg, with its Holy Island. There, too, almost on the river's edge, are the ruins of Kincora, the palace of the renowned Brian Boru, conqueror of the Danes and the

GREATEST WARRIOR

of the grand, strange old race from which for ages, and up to this day, Ireland has always had great patriots or great traitors—a name that in Munster is alike a blessing and a curse, since the expression "He met Morrough-an-tothaine" (Morrough of the burnings—Inchiquin) is used to this day to describe one who has literally met—as an idiom has it—sorrow and misery of every description; while, on the other hand, all venerate the names of those O'Briens who have been true to the people and to the splendid traditions of their house. Is not the name of William Smith O'Brien as loved throughout the country as ever that of Inchiquin was execrated? And has not the noble work done for our helpless young emigrant girls by the exiled patriot's daughter endeared the name yet more among us? For well do we know that to endure the hardships, the privations, the sorrows of exile—to work patiently, quietly, enduringly among and for the unknown poor, are far higher and nobler acts of heroism than winning all the battles that were ever fought.

Glancing nearer home, at our very feet, is Thomond Bridge; just at the foot of the bridge, and at the entrance to the Clare suburb, the Treaty Stone is placed. The tradition is that on this very spot the Treaty was signed, the old stone horse-block serving as a table upon which the document was spread. Historians say that the Treaty was not signed here, but about a mile from the city, on the road to Sunratty; that the stone was not used as a table, but as a seat upon which each witness in turn sat while signing. All, however, traditions and historians, agree that the stone was on the spot and was used either as table or seat.

Behind the Treaty Stone, nestling in amidst its trees, is a small church—a simple building, within and without reminding one of the churches now only to be met with in remote country places, but for that very reason having its peculiar charm—that of a quiet resting place, where, through the open door, come sounds that mingle well with humble prayer; the murmur of waters from the rapids of Curraghgower, the voices of birds from the trees, through whose branches the sun filters in so softly, and the voices of the little children who play in and out of the old churchyard all day long. This building, St. Munchin's Without, is the oldest Catholic church in Limerick, being the first built after the Rebellion.

ST. MUNCHIN.

In a gap among those trees we see in a line with the distillery are the ruins of a house where Ginckle lodged after the surrender of Limerick; nearer, almost under us, the spire of St Munchin's Within rises from its trees; it is a Protestant church, built on the site of an ancient Catholic one, and bears, as did its predecessor, the name of the patron saint and first Bishop of Limerick, "a religious man having a complete knowledge of the Scriptures," and who, says tradition, was appointed Bishop by St. Patrick. Strangers visiting the city should have a great veneration for St. Munchin, for there is a legend which tells that when the Saint was building this church the people of the town refused to help him, while some strangers aided willingly in the work; the Saint cursed those who would not work for the honor and glory of God, saying that luck would not be with them, but ever with the stranger visiting their sod.

To the left, overhanging the Shannon, are the towers of King John's Castle; those massive towers, over six hundred years old, look as if time had passed them by while busied with all around. King John, delighted—as the chronicles tell—with the position and beauty of Limerick, built this fair castle and a bridge leading from it and connecting the city with the county Clare. Nearer yet to us, almost facing one side of the fortress, are the ivy covered ruins of the Dominican Abby. At our very feet is a jail, so close, indeed, that a female prisoner, who has lingered behind the others in the narrow court below, manages unseen to wave a salute up to me; no matter what she is in prison for, she won't be any the worse for a kind recognition. That is the jail where Scanlan, the murderer of the "Colleen Bawn," spent his last hours on earth. Many a prisoner within those barred windows O'Connell visited. It is used as a female penitentiary since

A NEW JAIL WAS BUILT

on the farther side of the town. Right and left what studies of form and color in the mazes of ancient gables and roofs and ruined abbeys—what stories some of the old people, were they but up here now, could tell of those crumbling groups of houses that must, many of them, have been stately mansions in their day, but are now only refuges for the poorest of the poor. I have noted all this time a hand at one window—the window of a wretchedly squalid room, yet the sun can give even that poor spot some beauty. There is no one visible, only that one hand, motionless on the windowsill all the time, yet it tells—so white, so inert, so wan, so small is it—that within is a young girl dying of consumption. Well, soon she will know no more want, no more loneliness; she will have all in the sunshine of heaven.

What a view is on the east (each little corner turret cuts out and frames a separate and perfect picture for itself)! On the horizon to north and northeast, are: Keeper Hill, boldly standing out; a soft, white light over it, Silvermines; and then a faint, pale blue, the Galtees just show their outline against the sky. Under them, looking out from the trees, is the tower of Moraleen church; and then, just backing the plain, is a hillock marked by a bank of red earth. On the hillock stands a remarkable ruin; a gaunt, old house, through whose many empty window frames the daylight streams as if through the bare ribs and eye sockets of a skeleton, for such it is. This old house, known as "Newcastle," looks down upon that plain of Singland where many a bat the was fought in olden times. It is said that in this dwelling King William lodged during the siege of 1690, and that within its walls he and his officers kept up a round of drinking bouts from the commencement to the raising of the siege. Here, too, General Ginckle found quarters for a time the following year before the surrender of the city. It will be remembered that it was on the plain of Singland camps were pitched during the several sieges. Not far from the old house is the spot where William's standard was raised; anyone in the neighborhood can point it out. The history and traditions of Singland go back to a remote date, and the whole neighborhood is full of interest, well repaying a day spent in going from one spot to another. The scene, too, has many attractions; the soft, green meadows and shady boreens, the gently undulating ground whence is a charming view of the city and the Abbey river as it winds its way around the King's Island, under the Park Bridge, on by the haunted house and its deserted orchard, and across by tree and meadow to where it rejoins the sunlit Shannon.

The memories belong as much to Christian as to warlike history, and Singland is not only the site of Limerick's battles but it is also sacred ground.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY "A CATHOLIC PRIEST."

They say I do not love thee,
Flag of my native land,
Whose meteor folds above me.
To the free breeze expand;
Thy broad stripes proudly streaming,
And thy stars so brightly gleaming.

They say I would forsake thee
Should some dark crisis lower,
That recreant, I should make thee
Crouch to a foreign power;
Seduced by license ample,
On thee, blest flag, to trample.

They say that bolts of thunder,
Cast in the forge of Rome,
May rise and bring thee under—
Flag of my native home;
And with one blow dissever
My heart from the forever.

False are the words they utter,
Ungenerous their brand,
And rash the oaths they mutter,
Flag of my native land;
While still in hope above me
Thou wavest; and I love thee!

God is my love's first duty,
To whose eternal name
Be praise for all thy beauty,
Thy grandeur and thy fame,
But ever have I reckoned
Thine, native flag, my second.

Woe to the foe or stranger,
Whose sacrilegious hand
Would touch thee, or endanger,
Flag of my native land!
Though some would fain discard thee,
Mine should be raised to guard thee.

Then wave, thou first of banners,
And in thy gentle shade
Let creeds, opinions, manners,
In liberty be laid.
And there, all discord ended,
Our hearts and souls be blended,

Stream on, stream on before us,
Thou labarum of light,
While in one general chorus
Our vows to thee we plight.
Unfaithful to thee? Never;
My native land forever!

—*Copied from an old newspaper by the New York Sun.*

IRISH CROPS.

Reports from Different Parts of the Green Island Show Most Encouraging Prospects.

The Clifden District is About the Only Exception.

LEINSTER.

Enniscorthy.—Reports as to the prospects of the crops in this district are entirely favorable. The county Wexford is proverbial for its barley, and a very considerable tract of country around this town is sown with that crop. There is also a good portion of land under oats. People from the country districts—Oulart, Killon, Davidstown, etc—who have been in Ennis corthy recently, state that both crops are doing very well on account of the heat that followed the recent copious fall of rain.

Naas.—The agricultural prospects in North Kildare, taken as a whole, were never more favorable than they are this season. The spring weather was unusually propitious for farming operations, and following the very mild winter leaves nothing to be desired. Owing to the recent copious fall of rain the extensive tracts of pasture land of this district are covered with an exceptionally abundant crop. Of cereals the oats promise to be an abundant crop, but the barley is at present somewhat backward. Wheat is in an extremely forward condition. The potato crop is in a more advanced state than it has been for many seasons at this period of the year, and new potatoes are expected about the end of June. The greater portion of the turnip crop has been sown, and an abundant supply may be expected.

North Wicklow and South Dublin.—Notwithstanding a fine winter the agricultural prospects of the district comprising North Wicklow and South Dublin were anything but encouraging up to a few days ago. The weather throughout spring was tolerably fine, but growth there was little or none, and early crops suffered considerably from the too prevalent east winds. During the last days of April and beginning of May, however, matters atmospherical completely changed, and a vast improvement became noticeable, particularly in potato and corn crops. Should the present favorable weather for young crops continue, an abundant harvest may be reasonably anticipated.

MUNSTER.

Tipperary.—Some of the most extensive growers in this locality have given it as their opinion that the potato produce of this year will considerably exceed that of any year for the past six or seven years. The quantity of oats sown here is larger than that of any other grain crop, and the farmers are confident of reaping a big harvest. The supply of wheat sown is not so large as it was in former years, and very little barley is cultivated at all. A remarkable effect of the recent rain is the enormous growth of grass.

Waterford.—An abundant supply of oats will be placed on the market. Potatoes are getting on well. New potatoes are expected in some instances before the end of the month. With a continuance of the present fine weather there is not the least fear but that the coming harvest will prove an abundant one, though it is probable that the enormous supply in proportion to the demand will reduce prices.

Mitchelstown.—In this district, which embraces portions of the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary, spring operations were late owing to the protracted inclemency of the weather. Farmers in this district are every year reducing the area of land under tillage, and this is very noticeable this season. The corn crop is doing well. There is very little wheat and no barley sown in this locality. The oats, which is the principal cereal, and the potatoes are getting on well.

Cork.—The uncertainty of the climate in the south has been fully sustained by the past spring. Short spells of dry weather were, as a rule, succeeded by shorter periods, during which rain fell almost constantly, but on the whole the season was fairly successful as regarded the progress of agricultural operations. Luckily the southern agriculturists are becoming every year more impressed with the truth of the maxim that "An early spring makes an early harvest;" so the April showers found the greater portion of the cereals already budding. Corn is in a pretty forward state in most districts, and at present the outlook may fairly be pronounced as promising. Very little wheat is grown in the south now as a general rule. Oats of course is our staple cereal, and it cannot be regarded as a profitable one in view of the miserably low prices fetched during the past four or five years. Barley is grown much more extensively than wheat, but the area under it this year is considerably less than usual.

Bandon.—The weather for the past month has been extremely favorable to the farmers, who are looking forward to a prosperous harvest. An experienced farmer declared that he had never known at this period of the year things generally in the country to be looking so flourishing. The grass and crops are in a more forward state than they were last year at the first of June. The cereals are doing well, but there appears to be some diminution in the areas devoted to them this year. They have been becoming less profitable year after year, and as to the winter fodder and litter the farmers find growing hay to be more economical in many ways, besides saving much labor. Should the weather continue favorable it is confidently anticipated that the harvest of 1890 will be an abundant and prosperous one.

Cashel.—The recent rain has imparted a green and healthy appearance to the country. Potatoes, next to grass, engage the attention of the agricultural class, and having been a good crop last season in this district about the same acreage have been planted, some farmers advocating late sowing. Oats is the crop mostly planted, and since the late rains looks well. There has been very little wheat sown owing to the low price during the last few years. Barley, the best paying of corn crops, is very little cultivated by our farmers, and where planted presents a favorable appearance. In the neighborhood of Fethard and Killenaule the condition of the crops is equally favorable. In Golden, Rossmore, and other adjoining districts the promise of the crops is good, and should no adverse weather occur, the crops of 1890 will, it is expected, be more than an average.

Skibbereen.—The weather is at present all that could be desired, and there is splendid vegetation. Since the opening of spring, better weather could not be desired, and the prospects of a rich yield in all sorts of farming produce are most hopeful. Turnips and mangolds are being very extensively sown just now. Potatoes are well over ground, and the second earth being applied, while by the seaside they are well in blossom, and some will be dug ere this month is at an end. A rich and bountiful harvest is the present anticipation.

Bantry.—Agriculture is indeed very far advanced in this district, and the growing crops all through are in a most healthful and flourishing condition. Tomatoes give good promise of a plentiful crop. Wheat and oats are doing splendidly.

CONNACHT.

Ballinasloe.—The oat crop looks most luxuriant. There has been very little wheat sown around here, it is more confined to Lismany and Portumna, but the crop is first class. The rye crop is everything that could be desired. The most important crop is the potato, which, in gardens and selected land, is most promising and healthy. Farmers are preparing for turnips and mangolds.

Galway.—The weather has been the most favorable experienced in many years. Farmers are in good hopes of a prosperous season, and aver that the prospects for 1890 could not be more cheering. The grazing is the best known for years. Young calves and calves of a week old were selling in the market at from £3 to £3 15s. Large areas are under the potato crop this year.

Clifden.—The number of acres cultivated in this locality is fast decreasing owing to the perpetual stream of emigration. The few miserable patches of potatoes and oats sown are only just sufficient to tide the old couples and the remnants of their families over the winter this year. The hay crop looks well. There are scarcely any roots sown, as the land is too poor to grow a good crop of turnips or mangolds.

ULSTER.

Monaghan.—Potatoes claim the largest proportion of acreage around here, oats coming next and flax last. All the grass lands in the district look well. Oats are well above ground, and look hardy and vigorous. Potatoes are just beginning to peep, and will soon require re-covering.

Cavan.—The potato crop near Cavan gives promise of being a most excellent one. The crop is coming up well since the late rains. The sowing of turnips and mangolds is being actively proceeded with.

Carrickmacross.—The crops principally grown in this district are oats and flax, and in the better portions barley and wheat look well, while the grass is luxuriant.

Castlewellan (South Down)—The season has been an exceptionally good one for farmlatior. Both oats and wheat are more generally sown than last year. Potatoes are as largely sown as last year, and have a flourishing appearance. Flax is less of a favorite than ever.

Letterkenny.—Cereals have a good, healthy growth, and promise well. The produce of 1890 is likely to be an exceptionally abundant one.

Dungannon.—The present prospects are very encouraging, as cereals and tubers are up, the former showing a fine, healthy appearance. Flax looks well, but is not so largely cultivated as last year. More ground is under corn than was last year. Several large farmers are turning the land in grass on account of the high price of cattle.

Football.

[*To the Editor.*]

Final arrangements for a Football Match between the Emmet and Innisfail Gaelic Athletic Clubs have been completed, and the boys will meet to try conclusions on Sunday, June 8; grounds at Indiana avenue and Thirty-seventh street. The game commences at 3 o'clock p. m., when Referee R. W. Wolfe, of the Davitt's will throw in the ball.

Every person who wishes God speed to the, as yet, embryo movement to introduce and establish the pastimes of the old land among our exiled brethren here, should attend and give practical proof of his earnestness. It will greatly encourage the boys to see a good attendance, and 'twill stimulate them to still greater exertions to spread the organization. Come, therefore, and your zeal will be rewarded, for you will see as interesting and spirited a game as you could desire, among forty-two stalwart young Irishmen who by their disciplined and peaceful actions will disarm the tongue or pen of our severest critic.

W. R. MALONEY.

"The Gaelic Journal."

The Gaelic Union of Dublin is at present perfecting arrangements for the more punctual mailing of the *Gaelic Journal* to its patrons. We have been requested to ask all subscribers who have not received the *Journal* regularly to communicate at once with Mr. John Flemming, No. 33 South Frederick street, Dublin, so that copies of No. 4 of *Journal*, which is for some time out of press, can be mailed to all who have not received them. No. 35 and all succeeding numbers will be brought out with more regularity than heretofore, and it is hoped that all the encouragement possible will be extended to the Gaelic Union in its present efforts to establish a more satisfactory system of having copies of the paper sent to those who subscribe to it.

MATRIMONIAL.

LYNCH-M'CARTHY.

The wedding of Miss Mary Lynch, niece of our esteemed friend, Michael Harris of DeLoughary, Mich.), and Mr. Dennis McCarthy, took place at St Augustin's church, Republic, Mich., on May 20, and was witnessed by a large concourse of invited friends. The church was beautifully decorated with May flowers for the occasion. Rev. Father Manning performed the ceremony, after which all repaired to the home of the bride's parents, where a reception was held. The bride wore a handsome dress of light cream surah, with bridal veil and wreath of orange blossoms. The bridesmaid, Miss Ellen McCarthy, was very prettily attired in a dress of pale blue Albatross. The groom and Mr. P. Whelan, Jr., the groomsman, wore the conventional black dress suits. The presents were costly and numerous. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy left for their future home, Iron River, the same evening. THE CITIZEN extends cordial congratulations to the happy pair.

Convention of United Irish Societies.

The United Irish Societies of Chicago are requested to send three delegates each to a convention to be held in Fitzgeralds Hall, corner of Halsted and Adams streets, at 2 o'clock p. m. on Sunday, June 8, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for the fourteenth annual Irish National demonstration, to be held at Ogden Grove on the 15th of August, 1890. DANIEL CORBERY, Pres't.
JAMES C. STRAIN, Sec'y.

Kunze Married.

The recent suspect, John P. Kunze, was married in this city, at St. Alphonsus' church, on Tuesday morning, to Miss Julia G. Hoyer. Messrs. William S. Forrest, Russell M. Wing, Daniel Donahoe and John A. Qualey, attorneys and counsellors at law, presented the couple with a handsome solid silver water service. Below the inscription on the pitcher the following words are enscrolled: "He preferred imprisonment and the risk of death to purjury and dishonor." Kunze, it is said, realized quite a handsome sum by exhibiting himself in museums.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

A Strange Fact.

An exchange states that you can read the proof of a newspaper article three or four times, and repeatedly pass the same mistake without seeing it. All newspaper men tell you so. But as soon as the press is started and the paper is printed in its complete shape, there stands the error in front of you, so big that you can't see anything else. It's a strange fact and is probably the same reason why it is so easy to edit a newspaper after it is printed.—*Orrick (Mo.) Review.*

NEWS NOTES.

There is one pauper in every thirty-seven inhabitants in England and Wales.

Ann Tucker, the last of the Aquehaugus Indians, is dead at the age of 102 years.

Nine hours has been made a day's work for the city laborers of Lawrence, Mass.

Queen Victoria has ordered the artist Angeli to paint a portrait of Stanley for her.

Robbins' circus train was wrecked near Nashau, N.H., last Thursday. The loss is very heavy.

A young man named Sutton has lived seventy seven days on soda water, at Dubuque, Iowa.

Orders have been given to the steamer Rush, similar to those of the Bear, to go to Behring Sea and seize illegal sealers.

It is announced that upon the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Spencer will become the titular head of the Liberal party.

A vein of coal was struck at a depth of 200 feet in the sinking of an artesian well on Worthington street, Springfield, Mass., and traces of oil came up with the water.

Rev. George H. Shaffer, colored, of Kansas City, addressed the Methodist Episcopal conference in St. Louis last week, saying that negroes would be the best missionaries to Africa, and asking the church to send them there.

Home-Seekers' Excursions via the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Ry.

On Tuesdays, May 20, September 9 and 23, and October 14, 1890, agents of the St. Paul and Kansas City Railway will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion Tickets to principal points in the West, Northwest, South and Southwest at rate of one fare for the round trip, tickets good returning thirty days from date of sale. For full particulars call on or address agents of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXIV—(Continued)

THE BURNING OF GRANGEMORE.

A feeling of terror crept over Rupert as the knowledge came with certainty that their destination was Orchard House. All the incidents of the past few weeks, especially of the past few days, came rushing into his head.

Who were these unknown strangers that he had seen in the place? Had this mysterious visit anything to do with them? Was it any one of them that he was about to arrest? And if it were—oh, Heavens! what a mission to send him on. How could he, who had so often gone there a welcome guest—whose heart had carried away therefrom dreams of delight and intoxicating love—how could he go there now on such hateful and unwelcome business? And if it were some friend of Norah's—as Heaven knows it might be—how could he ever face her again, or appear in her presence?

"Oh, woe for me if it be so!" he said to himself in a paroxysm of despair, as he thought in a bewildered sort of way over it, whilst the big drops of terror stood out on his forehead.

Still he hoped against hope that the guide might pass on, or deflect in some other direction.

But all doubts were speedily set at rest when, as they came to a turn of the narrow road or boreen that brought them within a stone's throw of the house, and whilst yet the tall hedges prevented their being seen, the guide stopped.

"You had better station your men around the house, otherwise they may escape," he said curtly.

"This house! Orchard House?" said Rupert, trying to repress his horror at the suggestion.

"Around this house—Orchard House," said the guide, with an insulting sneer. "You appear to know it well."

The man's manner was so insulting and his own temper so irritated that Rupert raised his riding whip to strike him.

Remembering his position, however, he lowered it again, and sternly asked—

"Whom do you expect to find here? Remember we are not to annoy innocent people."

"You'll know who we want when I show 'em to you," said the man with continued insolence. "Are you going to do as I tell you, or are you going to let 'em slip? Maybe that's what you'd like."

"Do you mean," asked Rupert with excessive bewilderment, and scarcely able to realize what he was called on to do, "that it is in Orchard House the parties you look for are concealed?"

"Aye, there and nowhere else. And where they won't be if you do your duty after this fashion. Maybe you'd better give up the command to the sergeant. He'll do his duty, never fear."

The fellow's words were insolent and hurtful; but the last mocking suggestion stirred Rupert; so, without seeming to take any notice of his words, he gave the necessary directions to his men, who, with pistols in their hands, quietly passed through the opened gate that led into the orchard, and soon formed a cordon around the house.

Meantime, he advanced himself towards the cottage. In truth in doing so he had no clear idea of what he was about. Only that to remain outside, whilst his soldiers were searching the house—that house in which he had spent such pleasant hours, and in which was one so dear, so very dear to him—seemed such a dishonorable proceeding that he could not endure it. Wherefore, with a heavy heart, and quite unknowing what he should do or say, he advanced and opened the gate leading into the bawn, and entered.

A little party—consisting of Maury O'Keeffe, her mother and Norah Moore—were at breakfast in the parlor. Save and except the sick youth lying in bed, there was none other in the house.

They had been up from an early hour, for the tramping of many rushing to the fire, taking short cuts past their garden, had awakened them.

As Rupert entered, they were greatly surprised, not alone at his appearance at so early an hour, but at seeing him for the first time in uniform. They were, however, very glad to see him; but when he began to explain the purpose of his visit, their alarm and consternation were excessive.

All the servants of the house had gone to see the fire at the burning mansion—Kevin with them; but they knew well that he would not go near it, and that, fearing detection, he would return when the day advanced. It was only the evening before that it had been decided among them that the safest thing under the circumstances was for himself and Norah to leave the country, and await in Paris, with their uncle, happier times. They were even discussing this very matter when the entrance of Rupert attracted their attention. What was to be done—what could be done?

"And you of all others, Mr. Rupert Clarendon, to come on such an errand! You to bring your soldiers here to search. You!"

Thus, Norah, standing up in dismay, when the officer, with extreme embarrassment and pain, had communicated his unpleasant business.

"I assure you, Miss Moore"—his tongue halted at the name of Norah, by which he had been accustomed to address her—"I did not know ten minutes ago either my business or my destination. If I did I can safely say that I should have declined; but, being here, my duty left me no other course."

"I am sorry your duty brings you here—here where your presence was so often made welcome. But do your duty? Search, sir! and see what incendiaries and criminals you can find here under this roof."

She was about passing from the room, with a haughty sweep of anger and disdain, when Rupert, who thought he had never seen her looking so handsome as now, with a gesture of self-deprecation sought to stay her.

"I swear to you, Miss Moore, that I am here most unwittingly. I would not cause you an instant's pain knowingly. I beg you to believe me when I say that——"

"Your presence here, sir, shows it," said she, interrupting, and passing him by.

"*You* will at less believe me, Miss O'Keeffe," said he, turning for sympathy in his painful position to the young girl. The look of disdain with which Norah passed him cut him to the bone, and added a deep sense of humiliation to his previous embarrassment.

But Maury was otherwise occupied than in thinking of his embarrassment.

A whirlwind of thoughts ran through her head, as he unfolded his mission. Who has informed on Kevin? Who knew of his return? Who but Rupert Clarendon himself.

That was the conclusion she hastily jumped to. And where was Kevin? Would he have the good fortune to keep away from the house for some time? Would some good genius—would his guardian angel—bear him information of this visit of the soldiers, and keep him away? Anywhere from the house, anywhere or any place for an hour or two.

Oh! the fervent prayers that, with her heart beating tumultuously, Maury offered up for his safety.

What could she do? Who could she send to warn him of the danger? All were away; even Joe had hurried with others to the fire.

Not quite certain what step to take, she walked to the back window. Her heart nearly turned to stone when she saw the cordon of soldiers around the house. She hurried to the front window; and there, as she looked through the hanging flowers and wild climatis, that screened it, the redcoats were also visible!

"Merciful God! Oh, Mary the comfortress! protect him. Oh, Kevin! Kevin! God protect you and keep you away for an hour or two—oh! for ever! sooner than fall into their dreadful hands again!"

Her mind was too excited to hear the words which Rupert addressed to her. In the turmoil of her excited thoughts she was even unconscious of his presence.

Construing her manner to mean anger and dislike to himself, and finding no response to his words, he slowly withdrew from the apartment; and his guide, with the sergeant and one or two others, proceeded, under his unwilling superintendence, to search the premises.

"See, sir! This, perhaps, is one of the criminals whom you seek," said Norah, as she led the way into the room where the injured youth lay.

The hurt which he had received had added to the tendency to consumption that possessed him, and his wounded lungs, instead of healing, had grown worse. The blood had poured time after time with remitting frequency from his lungs. His face, as he sat propped with pillows, was thin and pale, and it did not need an experienced eye to see that the shadows of death were hovering around him.

He looked up with surprise as he saw the soldiers enter.

He guessed at once the purport of their visit, and a stern flush settled on his face as he made a movement to rise. But the weakness of his frame feebly answered the indignant promptings of his spirit, and he lay back again. It was only then that he felt how much his strength had departed, and in a feeling of intense sorrow and sadness at his uselessness, he placed his hands across his eyes. "If he only had the strength he had six months ago"

Poor prophet! that strength was gone, never on this earth to be restored.

Norah promptly understood the fiery look of alarm and indignation that flushed across his pallid face, and rightly knew that the sorrowful gestures arose mainly from his sense of his powerlessness to help her.

Passing over to his bedside she placed her hand with gentle touch on his forehead.

"Don't fret, Harry," she said gently. "You will have your old strength back again. Don't heed these worries."

Rupert stood paralyzed with shame. He was overcome with annoyance that he should have thus, in discharge of police men's duties, intruded into the sick chamber; and Norah's gentle kindliness to the patient made him ready to sink to the ground at what he considered—in the agony of his tortured feelings—his own cruelty and unmanliness.

"Come out of this, men—come away from this sick chamber. Come out, you scoundrel!" said he, in his disgust catching the guide by the collar and hurling him out of the apartment; "how dare you bring his Majesty's soldiers to insult a sick room!"

Notwithstanding that he was cowed a little by this rough treatment, the guide insisted on making further search even to the outoffices, the barn, the cowhouse, the stable; but there was no discovery.

There was nobody there.

Very much pleased with the non-results of his unpleasant mission, Rupert had arrived at the orchard gate where he had first seen Norah, for the purpose of ordering the men to withdraw and form up, when he was electrified by a cry from the guide.

"There he is! There he is. Seize him, men! There is the returned convict! There is the burner! Seize him!"

And, not content with this, dashed off himself in the direction to which he pointed.

A cry of anguish and despair burst simultaneously from the lips of the two girls. They had come out to see the soldiers move off, whilst their trembling lips and white faces indicated how much they wished to see them do so, and their tremulous anxiety lest the fugitive might return before that movement had taken place.

The cry of torture and agony that burst from their lips showed how their fervent hopes and anticipations had been dashed to pieces.

Looking in the direction Rupert perceived a young fellow in the grasp of his soldiers. The prisoner appeared to have been taken by surprise, and, as if advancing homewards through the orchard, he had been prevented by pre occupation of mind, or by the thick growth of apple trees, from seeing the soldiers. So that he was seized and handcuffed before he was aware of it.

"Kevin! Kevin! Oh, Kevin! was it for this you returned!" cried Maury, as she flew in agony to him. But Norah, the first scream of terror and dismay over, sank down in a swoon on that very seat where her bright eyes had first looked up to Rupert, carrying surprise and admiration and love into his heart.

In a paroxysm of love, self-anger and disgust he knelt at the young girl's feet, not at first comprehending that she had fainted.

"Norah, forgive me—forgive me, the unwitting cause of this sorrow. I am pained—I am broken-hearted—that I should have been—Oh, merciful God, she is insensible. Norah! Norah! Here, some one! attend to this poor girl, and—"

But Mrs O'Keefe stood at his elbow, and gently moving him aside, bestowed her attention upon the broken hearted girl, bathing her forehead and opening her dress to give her air.

Meanwhile Maury had reached Kevin, and throwing her arms around him as if she would tear him from his captors, addressed him in pitiful and imploring language.

"Oh, Kevin, Kevin! light of my heart and glory of my eyes, was it for this you came back! Oh, Kevin, are we again separated—and so soon! Oh, merciful Mother of God protect us this day. Oh, Kevin, Kevin! what are we to do without you!"

The sergeant, who appeared to take even more command in the matter now than Rupert, desired the men to bring their captor forward. It was with difficulty they were able to separate her from him. They were about to use harsh measures when Rupert arrived on the scene.

"Hold there, men! None of that!" said he, sharply, as some of them were about to force her hands. "None of that. Don't touch her! Stand aside—at once!"

The soldiers fell back, and Maury, hearing the sound of his voice, withdrew her twining arms from Kevin, and threw herself at Rupert's knees.

"Oh! Mr. Clarendon! have pity on us. Don't take him away again. He has been long enough away! He has done no harm! In the sight of God and man he has done no harm! He was only too true and too good and too 'oving. It is only villains like this man," pointing to the guide, "that swore away his freedom before, and they will swear away his liberty and life again. Spare him—oh, spare him—if only for his sister's sake!"

"Rise up, Maury! rise up! Don't kneel to me. For God's sake stand up."

He bent down and lifted her up in his arms.

"What is this you say, Maury?" he whispered. "What do you say of his sister? Is this Norah's brother?"

"Oh, yes, yes," sobbed Maury, with much difficulty keeping herself from swooning also.

"Her brother—that was transported?"

"Yes, yes, the same."

"Heaven save me and forgive me! What cruel destiny sent me here!" said the young officer, now completely overwhelmed with distress.

"You will let him free, Mr. Clarendon—will you not?" said Maury, who, in her anxiety and impatience, thought she saw him softening, and that he had only to say the word and the captive was free.

"Alas! Maury, what you ask is impossible. I could not now, though it were my own brother that stood there. But I will——"

"He paused a little to try and recollect what it was that he could do.

"You will, Mr. Clarendon, let him free?" cried Maury, with a strong disposition to fall at his knees again.

"I cannot, Maury. I am sorry—I am sorely grieved—that I cannot—but I shall see that he is fairly treated. I shall do everything that I can for *her* sake," he added in a burst of despair at his help lessness.

"But he is innocent, Mr. Clarendon—innocent. He never did hurt or harm to anyone, though he was sorely tried and punished himself," implored Maury.

"What is he accused of?" asked Rupert, turning to the sergeant and his guide.

"Of burning Grangemore Castle last night among other things—of being a returned convict," said his guide.

"Liar!" said Maury, turning fiercely round on him; "he never did it—never dreamt of it. And if he was convicted—who swore against him? Who? You, liar and coward that you are! And if anyone set fire to the castle—if it wasn't an accident—there was no one would do it sooner than yourself. The cowardly tongue that would swear a lie would find a cowardly hand to do worse. You may disguise yourself—but you will get your reward sooner or later."

The guide crouched beneath her denunciation. All the more, indeed, that he had often cast envious glances at herself, and "made up to her," as the country people phrased it.

But Maury, though ready to handy a pleasant word with him as with everyone else, out of the lightness of her heart, never entertained a thought about him further. Still the dull, heavy nature of the Scotchman mistook her nod and smile and sparkling repartee for liking, if not love; and one of his reasons for seeking the farm of the Moores, and for having Kevin transported, was that he might the more readily obtain the graces of the handsome daughter of the Orchard Cottage.

He had not, indeed, until now known how much he was destroying his prospects with this untoward adventure. His dull brain had not the quickness to perceive that even if there were a chance for him this mode of procedure would have destroyed it. The belief that impelled him was that if Kevin Moore were once banished without prospect of return Maury would be the more readily inclined to entertain his proposals—the magnet that attracted her being removed.

There was no further time for delay, so the sergeant, who was uneasy, said, and Rupert found it necessary to return.

"You will explain to Norah—Miss Moore—Maury," said he, "how little aware I was of where I was going, or what it was I was compelled to do. God knows, I have suffered more this morning than I have ever suffered before. But, Maury"—and he whispered into her ear—"tell her to keep her heart up; tell her her brother shall be well taken care of. I have friends, Maury, powerful friends—and it will go hard with me or I shall see justice done her brother."

And shaking hands with the weeping girl the soldiers moved off, bringing their prisoner away with them; formed up in the same part of the lane they had separated in; and in a few moments the tread of their retreating horses alone reached Maury's ears where she had thrown herself on her knees in the orchard, half in swoon and half in frantic prayer.

The heavy cloud of smoke that arose from the burning pile darkened the way, as they cantered over the road near it, on their way to Athlone. But a heavier cloud of sorrow and regret lay on Rupert's heart, and an equal weight of darkness and terror, though of a different kind, on that of his captive.

For whilst the former was filled with annoyance and trouble for the part it had been his cruel duty to perform, and for the renewed sorrow and shame he had been the means of bringing on that beautiful girl whom he would have given his life to protect, the mind of his captive conjured up dreadful scenes of the prison yard and the convict cell, until his eyes darkened with terror.

Every day of hopeless sorrow, every night of sleepless suffering he had endured before; every foot of the weary way he had walked, with the fetters on his hands, before his exhausted senses grew oblivious in the fever, came up to his mind with wonderful vividness. Never to see Ireland again; never to see his sister's face; never to see the love-light kindling for him in Maury's eye—never——

The cavalcade swept through the barrack gate of Athlone before his mind had taken cognisance of the fact that he had yet reached the town.

He soon heard the old familiar sound—so awful in its familiarity—of the bolt fastening in the door outside, and the click of the lock that firmly fastened and secured it.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Ban-Chaoic Eireann O!

I

Beir beannacht o'm chroidhe go tir na h-Eireann,
Ban-chaoic Eireann O!
'S chum a marionn de shiolrach Ir a's, Albhear,
Air bhan-chaoic Eireann O!
An ait ad 'nar b'aoibhinn binn-ghuith ean,
Mar shamh-chruit chaoin ag caoine Gaodhal,
Is e mo chas a bheith mile mile i g-cein,
O bhan-chaoic Eireann O!

II

Bidhean barr bog slim air chaoin-chaoic Eireann,
Ban-chaoic Eireann O!
'S is fearr 'na 'n tir-seo dith gach siebh' ann,
Ban-chaoic Eireann O!
Do b' ard a coilite 's ba dhireach reig,
'S a m-biath mar aol air mhaoilinn geig,
Ata gradh aig mo chroidhe a m' inntinn fein,
Do bhan-chaoic Eireann O!

III

Ata gasradh leonmhar a d-tir na h-Eireann,
Ban-chaoic Eireann O!
'S fear-chaoin ghroidhe na cloidhfeach ceudta,
Air bhan-chaoic Eireann O!
M' fhath-tuirse eroidhe! a's mo chuimhne sgeal!
Iad aig Gaila-phoic sios, faoi ghreidhim; mo eun!
'S a m-bailte da roinn faoi chios go daor,
A Ban-chaoic Eireann O!

IV

Is fairsian 's as mor iad cruacha bh na h-Eireann,
Ban-chaoic Eireann O!
A g-cuid meala 'gus uachdair a giuaiseacht na siaod,
Air bhan-chaoic Eireann O!
Rachad-sa air cuaird no isluath mo shaoghal,
Do 'n talamh min suaire, is dual do ghaodhal,
'S go mfhearr liom 'na duais da uaisleacht e.
Bheith air bhan-chaoic Eireann O!

V

Sgaipean an druchit air ghleambar a's fheur aan
Ban-chaoic Eireann O!
S fasaid ubhla cu'artha ai gheug ann,
Ban-chaoic Eireann O!
Bidhean biolar 's samha ann a n-gleannataibh ceo'aig,
'S na arothaibh san t-samhra ag labhairt uim neoin,
Uisge na Sibre aig brucht na slo'adh,
Cois ban-chaoic Eireann O!

VI

Is osguilteach failteach an ait sin Eire,
Ban-chaoic Eireann O!
Bidhean "Toradh na slainte" a m-barr na deise
A m-ban-chaoic Eireann O!
Ba bhinne fiom na meuraibh air theudaibh ceoil,
Seisnim agus geimreach a laogh 's a m-bo;
Taithniomh na greine ortha, aosda agas og,
A' mban chaoic Eireann O!

THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

And the Present Compulsory Education Law of Illinois.

[*Communicated.*]

In May last there was enacted by the Legislature of this State a compulsory education law which might fitly take its place among the old Blue Laws of Massachusetts. It is not that the law is openly and repulsively of the type that Cotton Mather and his confreres used to delight in. No, it is only covertly so; but there is as much bigotry to the square inch, lying hid as it were between the lines, in that short act of the Illinois Legislature approved May 24, in the year 1889, as ever disgraced the laws of the New Haven colony. If a parent or guardian, be he a Lutheran, a Jew, or a Catholic, has any conscientious scruples against sending his child to a public school, or has any objection whatsoever against sending his child to such school—he certainly, in this year of grace, ought not to be compelled to send his child to the objectionable school, provided he is willing to send him or her to another school that is equally as good. This proposition is so reasonable that it would seem as if we only had to state it, in order to gain for it the acquiescence of all just men—and yet the laws of Illinois denies this right to the parent. The law is so framed that a parent who believes it to be his bounden duty before God not to send his child to the public school, may be compelled in violation of that duty to send that child there or be summoned before a police justice as if he were a law-breaker or and evil doer, and be fined in the language of the statute "a sum not less than $1 nor more than $20, and stand committed until such fine and costs of suit are paid."

Lest it may be thought that we are exaggerating the effect of the law or putting a forced construction on it we quote the obnoxious part of the law in question:

"Every person having under his control a child between the age of 7 and 14 years shall annually cause such child to attend for at least sixteen weeks, at least eight weeks of which attendance shall be consecutive, some public day school in the city, town or district in which he resides. For every neglect of such duty the person offending shall forfeit to the use of the public schools of such city or district, a sum not less than $1 nor more than $20, and shall stand committed until such fine and costs of suit are paid. But if the person so neglecting shall show to the satisfaction of the Board of Education or directors, that such child has attended for a like period of time a private school, approved by the Board of Education or of directors of the city, town or district in which such child resides, then such penalty shall not be incurred."

It will be readily seen from the foregoing that it is entirely in the discretion of the school board to say whether the school to which the parent chooses to send his child is a proper school or not. If a Lutheran parent chooses to send his child to a Lutheran school, which, in the opinion of the parent, is all that could be desired, the school board may be so constituted that a majority of them may determine that they cannot approve such school, and the result would be that the Lutheran parent who is paying for the support of his Lutheran school (in addition to paying by taxes for the support of the public schools) is liable to be summoned before a police justice, fined, and if he refuses or is unable to pay the fine, sent to prison until the fine is paid.

Let us suppose the reader of this paper to be a Catholic parent. Let us suppose he is sending his child to the Jesuit school on Morgan street, or to St. Patrick's Academy on Desplaines and Adams streets, in this city, and either of these schools is the peer of any and the superior of most of the public schools in this city. Under the law as it now stands the school board of this city may be so constituted, so full of bigotry and unreasonableness, that it will not approve of either of these schools. What follows? Simply this: that a Catholic parent may be fined or imprisoned for not sending his child to a school when he believes it would be wrong for him to send him. We are not attacking the public schools, we are simply contending for liberty of conscience and liberty of action for the parent in this most important matter, the education of his child. It may be said that the school board will not act unreasonably in this matter; that may be, but nevertheless the people of this State should not be placed at the mercy or subject to the caprice of any such body as a school board.

THE COMMITTEE.
Per K.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Home-Seekers' Excursions via the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Ry.

On Tuesdays, May 20, September 9 and 23, and October 14, 1890, agents of the St. Paul and Kansas City Railway will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion Tickets to principal points in the West, Northwest, South and Southwest at rate of one fare for the round trip, tickets good returning thirty days from date of sale. For full particulars call on or address agents of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

WELL, Sarah, what have you been doing to make you look so young? Oh, nothing much, only been using Hall's Hair Renewer to restore the color of my hair.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. I. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 588 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 548 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2938 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 35th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2540 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucek Jaeger, C.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 235 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Kilian Bohlscheer, C.S.P., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clarkst.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30, 8 and 9:30 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 384 Ashland av.

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mc-tregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 436 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 924 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2954 Scofield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rathe, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 831 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 299 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1408 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heidmann, pastor. Residence 3219 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—364 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Selden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 238 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radziejewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

TARIFF BILL PASSED.

Much Confusion In the House of Representatives.

THE PREVIOUS QUESTION DEMANDED.

The Vote on the Third Reading and Engrossment of the Bill Results in a Vote of Yeas 161, Nays 143—The Amendment Increasing the Duty on Yarn Made of Jute Defeated by Just One Vote—Action on Other Amendments.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 21.—After the presentation of a memorial from the Manufacturers' club, of Philadelphia, asking for the passage of the McKinley bill, and that it go into effect thirty days after approval, the house went into committee of the whole on the tariff bill, Grosvenor of Ohio in the chair. Baker of New York offered an amendment providing that all articles on importation into the United States, whether embraced in the free list or otherwise, shall be subject to and pay no less rate of duty than is or may be imposed by the country of export on like articles imported from the United States. Anderson of Kansas opposed the amendment, saying it would place it in the power of the Canadian government to regulate the United States tariff.

Butterworth of Ohio also opposed it, saying it would wreck the interchange of commodities between the United States and every other country and would work a great hardship upon the people. He regretted that the members of the ways and means committee had taken up all of the limited time of the house with amendments to the exclusion of that free conference which was necessary. Brewer of Michigan said the time for debate had been frittered away by the other side. Farquhar of New York protested against the protection given to barley.

The Previous Question Demanded.

For fully half an hour before noon the house was in the greatest confusion, and when, one minute before 12 o'clock, McKinley yielded the remaining time to Frank of Missouri, the excitement became so great that the noise was almost deafening, and Frank's voice could not be heard six feet from where he stood. Suddenly, out of the hubbub arose the clear, loud voice of McKinley calling: "Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman!" Quiet reigned in a moment, and the Republican leader called the attention of the chairman to the fact that 12 o'clock, the hour agreed upon for the first vote on the bill to be taken, had arrived. He moved that the committee rise and report the bill to the house. This ceremony having been performed by the chairman of the committee of the whole, Grosvenor of Ohio, Speaker Reed recognized McKinley, who, in deliberate tones, demanded the previous question, and moved the third reading and engrossment of the bill. Division was demanded by Bland of Missouri, and the speaker, after counting, declared that 133 had voted in the affirmative, and 128 in the negative. Then the yeas and nays were demanded by McKinley.

Reading the Amendments.

The speaker announced that the yeas were 161, the nays 143. Coleman of Louisiana, and Featherstone of Arkansas, Republicans, voted with the Democrats against the adoption of the motion. Butterworth of Ohio, and Adams of Illinois, refrained from voting. When the result of the ballot had been announced, McKinley arose and asked the gentlemen of the minority to name the amendments offered by the ways and means committee as they were read, on which ballots were desired. Carlisle said that the minority desired votes only on those amendments which made increases of duty. The clerk then began to read amendments. When he reached that increasing the duty on tinplate, the Democrats called for a vote. Before the result was declared by the speaker, Kerr of Iowa, and Thomas of Wisconsin, Republicans, who had voted with the Democrats against the increase, changed their votes. Lind of Minnesota, another Republican, announced that he had voted for the amendment under a misapprehension, and therefore changed his vote. The speaker then announced that the yeas were 150, the nays 149.

The First Democratic Victory.

Applause from the Democrats greeted the announcement of this vote which came so near being a Democratic victory. Butterworth, Flick, Henderson of Iowa, Kelley, Mason, McComas, Mudd and Taylor of Illinois voted with the Democrats. When the ways and means amendment making yarn made of jute dutiable at 35 instead of 30 per cent. was read, Carlisle asked for a vote. It was explained that by a typographical error jute yarn was made dutiable in the bill at 30 per cent., when the ways and means committee had intended that it should be dutiable at 35 per cent. The Democrats, however, decided to take advantage of the error and called for a vote. McKinley called for the yeas and nays and the clerk started on the monotony of a roll call. On this amendment the yeas were 143, nays 144, the first Democratic victory. Democratic applause greeted the announcement of the vote. The Republicans who voted against the amendment were: Anderson of Kansas, Featherstone, Kelly, Lind, Taylor of Illinois, DeHaven, Flick, Henderson of Iowa, Lacey, Snider, Kerr and Dunnell.

Another Amendment Defeated.

The next amendment on which the Democrats asked for a vote, provided that manufactures of camels hair be taken from the free list and made dutiable as third class wools. The amendment was adopted—yeas 148, nays 138. Henderson of Iowa, Struble of Iowa, and Taylor of Illinois, voted with the Democrats. A vote was also desired by the Democrats on an amendment to paragraph 390, which provided that on woolen and worsted yarns made wholly or in part of wool, worsted, the hair of the camel, goat, alpaca or other animals, valued at not more than 30 cents per pound, the duty shall be twice the duty imposed by the bill on a pound of unwashed wool of the first class, and in addition 35 per cent. ad valorem. The amendment provided that the duty should be two and a half times as great. On this question the yeas were 137, and the nays 148. Messrs. Anderson of Kansas, Henderson and Kerr of Iowa, Lacy, Lind, Struble and Taylor of Illinois, Republicans, voted with the Democrats.

And Still Another.

A yea and nay vote was taken on an amendment to the wool schedule to provide that on woolen or worsted cloths, knit fabrics and manufactures made wholly or in part of wool, the hair of animals, etc., valued at not more than 30 cents per pound, the duty per pound shall be three times the duty imposed by the bill on a pound of unwashed wool of the third class, and in addition 40 per cent. ad valorem. The bill, as amended, provided that twice the duty should be imposed. This ballot resulted in another victory for the Democrats, who, with the votes of several Republicans to aid them, polled 143 votes in the negative against 148 in the affirmative. The Republicans voting against the amendment were Anderson of Kansas, Comstock, Dolliver, Dunnell, Flick, Henderson of Iowa, Lacey, Lind, Owen of Indiana, Struble, Taylor of Illinois, Waddill, and Wilson of Kentucky. A number of Republicans sat in their seats and refused to vote.

Wants to Recommit the Bill.

An amendment providing that all manufactures of silk, of which wool or the hair of the goat is a component part, shall be classified as manufacturer of wool, was agreed to, 155 to 148. Republicans voting against the amendment were Featherstone, Henderson and Kerr of Iowa, and Taylor of Illinois.

The vinegar amendment was adopted by a vote of 164 to 138. Carlisle then introduced a resolution to recommit the bill to the committee on ways and means with instructions.

The tariff bill passed the house at 5:15 p. m. Yeas 162, nays 142. Mr. Coleman, Louisiana, Republican, voted against the bill.

DISASTERS ON THE RAIL.

Two Fatal Collisions in Pennsylvania and One in Tennessee.

PITTSBURG, May 21.—At 7:20 o'clock in the morning a gravel train collided with the rear of a south-bound through freight train near Allequippa station on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railway. Engineer Thomas Rogers of the gravel train jumped from his engine. His head striking against the end of a railroad tie, was split open, killing him instantly. Conductor Mans and Fireman Robinson also jumped from the engine and were seriously injured. Robinson may die. The engine and three cars of merchandise were wrecked. A heavy fog was hanging over the valley at the time of the accident.

Fatal Collison on the Rail.

TYRONE, Pa., May 21.—A stock and freight train collided at a cross-over switch near Elizabeth furnace, on the Pennsylvania railroad. Fifteen cars of freight were badly wrecked and William Boyd, one of the oldest engineers on the road, was instantly killed. The conductor, a brakeman and the fireman of the stock train were also severely hurt. The tracks were blocked five hours.

Four Men Killed.

JELLICO, Tenn., May 21.—A hand car on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad was run down eight miles west of here by a freight train. Two men were killed and two were fatally injured and have since died.

A CLEVER TRICK.

English Investors Given a Pointer on American Methods.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 21.—It is reported from London that H. H. Warner has stolen a march on English investors. After selling his property to the English syndicate he went to London and secured options on a large part of the stock. The stock was capitalized at $50 per share and Mr. Warner secured options on it for delivery within two weeks, at a considerable advance upon this figure. Mr. Warner then quietly purchased all the stock he could get at whatever price he could obtain it. Mr. Warner held the stock until the time came for the delivery of the options to him. The men on the stock exchange who had given the options found that Mr. Warner controlled most of the stock and were obliged to purchase from him in most cases at $250 share.

Sentenced to Death.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 21.—Cliften Holden, convicted in Redwood Falls county for the murder of Frank Dodge in November, 1888, has been sentenced by the governor to be hanged somewhere in that county on the morning of June 27, before daylight. Holden's case has attracted a great deal of attention on account of the many appeals taken and the efforts of many of his friends to intercede with the governor in his behalf.

Arrested for Embezzlement.

WATERBURY, Conn., May 21.—George W. Roberts, who for many years has been the bookkeeper and confidential manager of the Smith & Griggs' manufacturing company, was arrested here for embezzlement, and admitted to bail in $10,000. Mr. Roberts has been a trusted man at the Smith & Griggs' company for twenty years. It is said that the alleged embezzlement covers a considerable period and amounts to $10,000.

Will Sell Beer Openly.

LEWISTON, Me., May 21.—A car-load of barreled beer arrived from New Hampshire Monday and the liquor was hauled to a store kept by a well-known citizen, who announces his intention of selling the beverage openly and to all comers. He says a wealthy brewer of Portsmouth will back him in any legal proceedings that may ensue.

Settled with Robber Crawford.

NEW ORLEANS, May 21.—The steamer Stroma from Honduras brings news that the New York detectives have settled with Crawford, the express robber, by taking $32,320 of the $41,000 which he embezzled. He is now practically a free man. It would have been almost impossible to get him back to the United States.

Col. Sidney Barnes Dead.

CARTHAGE, Mo., May 21.—Col. Sidney Barnes died here from the bursting of a blood vessel. He was a native of Kentucky, and in 1861 raised the Eighth Kentucky infantry, which he commanded during the war. A few years ago he served as United States attorney to New Mexico.

Result of a Jealous Quarrel.

PHILADELPHIA, May 21.—Ludwig Marquardt, an artist, shot his wife Tuesday night and then committed suicide with poison. Mrs. Marquardt will recover. She was employed in Wanamaker's store. The couple had quarreled and separated frequently owing to jealousy.

She Remembered Lafayette.

DETROIT, Mich., May 21.—Polly Crouse Carlisle, born in New York in 1792, died here Monday. She remembered very distinctly Gen. Lafayette's triumphal visit to this country, and as a baby was kissed by and trotted on the knee of Gen Washington.

Cincinnati Builders Signing the Scale.

CINCINNATI, O., May 21.—Ten of the leading builders have signed the advance scale demanded by the stone-masons, and about 300 of the strikers resumed work Tuesday.

ANARCHISTS AT WORK.

But Their Plans Are Spoiled by a Timely Rain.

ABOUT TEN POUNDS OF DYNAMITE

Placed at the Base of the Monument Erected in Haymarket Square in Memory of the Policemen Who Lost Their Lives on the Night of May 4, 1886—The Plot Undoubtedly the Work of Anarchists.

CHICAGO, May 25.—An unsuccessful attempt was made to blow up the Haymarket monument, erected in memory of the policemen who were killed by the bomb thrown May 4, 1886. Officer Slinger, of the Desplaines Street station, near where the monument is located, found on the base of the monument a large tin can containing ten pounds of dynamite with a fulminating cap and fuse attached and wrapped up in two old dresses.

The Work of Anarchists.

The fuse was originally three feet long but had been extinguished when all but three inches of it had been burned by the rain storm Friday night. A mark of

THE HAYMARKET MONUMENT.

burned powder on the base marked the original length of the fuse. The police have no clew as yet to the perpetrators of the deed. Extraordinary efforts will be made to find the instigators, who are undoubtedly in the ranks of the Anarchists.

A Most Powerful Explosion.

The material in the can was tested by W. B. Lewis, of the Ætna Powder company. He pronounced it dynamite, heavily charged with nitro-glycerine, and hence a most powerful explosive. So far the police have placed no suspicion on any one in particular, save an ex-Anarchistic editor. His recent movements are being looked up, but so far as can be learned the police regard him as an instigator rather than the actual perpetrator of the crime. He is well known in the east and west. He will probably be taken into custody for purposes of examination unless it is shown that the suspicion is unfounded. The talk about Mrs. Parsons being implicated is discredited.

A CHICAGO PRIEST SHOT.

Murdered by a Blacksmith Who Was Crazy with Liquor.

CHICAGO, May 25.—Rev. Father S. M. A. Barrett was shot Friday night by Patrick J. Keady, a horseshoer, and died at 9 o'clock Saturday morning. Father Barrett was sitting on the porch of his house at 185 North Sangamon street, when Keady came up and complained of feeling ill. The priest advised him to go to bed and get some sleep, saying that he would probably feel better after obtaining rest. Keady made no reply, and suddenly drew a revolver and fired, the bullet entering Father Barrett's abdomen.

On the Verge of Delirum Tremens.

Keady was arrested and locked up at the West Chicago Avenue station. He seemed to be on the verge of delirum tremens, and the officers think that he is insane. He said that he intended to shoot his brother and Alderman Young after he had killed the priest. Father Barrett had been pastor of St. Stephens church for twenty-one years. He was ordained as a priest in Rome, where he obtained his education twenty-five years ago. Ex-Alderman Barrett is his father.

Strike for Reinstatement of Men.

CHICAGO, May 25.—All of the freight switchmen in the employ of the Illinois Central Railroad company, in this city, went out on strike at 7 o'clock in the morning, but returned to work two hours later pending an investigation into the merits of their grievance. Two days ago one of their number was discharged for alleged neglect of duty and two were suspended for thirty days. The strikers demanded their return to work with pay from the date of dismissal. The local officials of the company are investigating the matter, and have promised to right any wrong that may have been done.

A Lumber Company in Trouble.

NEW YORK, May 25.—The Herald's Quebec special says: In consequence of over-speculation in timber and a decline in prices in England, Smith, Ware & Co., leading dealers in lumber in this city, are in financial difficulties. Their liabilities are about $2,000,000, and the principal creditors are London (England) and Canadian banks. Western lumbermen are creditors for $700,000. Unless a settlement can be made, it will be a serious blow to the lumber trade.

Run Down by an Engine.

CINCINNATI, May 25.—Michael Ryan, aged 65, a wealthy contractor of Newport, Ky., was struck by a switch engine at the foot of John Street, on the Louisville and Nashville railroad at 9 o'clock in the morning, and instantly killed. He was walking on the track when the engine attached to a baggage car backed down and before he noticed its approach the unfortunate man was knocked down and horribly mangled. He leaves a widow and five children.

Depends on England's Action.

LONDON, May 25.—The Chronicle publishes an account of an interview with the Newfoundland delegates on the fishery dispute with France. The delegates declare that there would be no thought of annexation to the United States unless England neglected colonial interests.

Captured a Bank Robber.

DENVER, Colo., May 26.—Information has been received here that a man recently convicted at Clayton, Mo., of stealing horses has been identified as the man who robbed President Moffatt, of the First National bank a year ago of $21,000.

SOLONS COME TO BLOWS.

A Wild and Exciting Time in the Kentucky Legislature.

FRANKFORT, Ky., May 25.—The Kentucky legislature Friday was a scene of pandemonium rarely equaled in the history of the state. It was all about the sensational Ohio and Big Sandy railroad charter. Mr. Huntington has been at work all winter in the interest of the railroad charter for the road, and in the last week of the six months' session has finally succeeded in gaining his point. The bill provides that the people of Floyd, Johnson and Pike counties may vote a large subscription to the capital stock of the road. The people of that section are said to be opposed to the bill, and it is known that there will be serious trouble in the counties affected. In the discussion Friday the opponents of the measure openly charged that certain members had profited financially by the vote on the bill.

The Bill Had Been Stolen.

At this point a still more exciting turn was given affairs by the unfolding of a story that the bill had been stolen. It set the house wild. It was related that after the bill had passed both houses it was obtained by a member of the house by false representations, and that the member, becoming alarmed, had surreptitiously returned the document to the governor's desk. In a quarrel over the scandal Representatives Farmer and Bently came to blows in the rotunda Friday while both houses were in session. Several minor altercations took place, and altogether things look wild and serious personal encounters are likely to result.

English Workmen to Honor the Kaiser.

LONDON, May 25.—The London workingmen's organizations are engaged in consideration of the matter of giving a grand reception to Emperor William of Germany on the occasion of his visit to England in July. The demonstration will be made in recognition of the efforts of the kaiser to ameliorate the condition of the workingmen in Germany and his endeavor, through the recent labor conference in Berlin, to spread the benefits of his work to the laborers of other countries. As there is no opposition to the proposal the occurence of the reception is practically assured.

C. P. Huntington Ditched.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., May 25.—The party of Southern Pacific officials, headed by C. P. Huntington, who are making a daylight trip over the Atchison system on a special, met with a mishap Friday near Flagstaff. The train was running forty miles an hour when the engine flew from the track, falling on its side. Two coaches were derailed. Mr. Huntington, who was in the second coach, was thrown over several seats and struck heavily on his head and shoulders.

Disastrous Fire in a Tennessee Town.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 23.—Germantown, twenty miles east of this city, was visited by a disastrous conflagration between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning. The fire originated in a vacant storehouse and spread with great rapidity, and was not under control until nearly every house in the town had been reduced to ashes. The loss is estimated at $25,000, insured for $15,000.

Insane Veterans in an Almshouse.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 23.—Sixteen insane veterans who had been refused care at the Soldiers' home have been found in the insane department of the city poor farm. This discovery was made when Abednego Davis, who formerly lived heree, was sent to the Pittsburg poor authorities from the soldiers' and sailors' home at Erie, and it has created much excitement and indignation.

A Family Holocaust.

LONDON, May 25.—At Gollub, Prussia, Friday the house of a farmer, containing his insane wife and two children, caught fire. The farmer hastened to the house from an adjoining field and attempted to rescue the inmates. He had scarcely entered the burning building when the roof fell, and all four were burned to death.

Strikers Charged with Conspiracy.

PANA, Ills., May 25.—Owen McGinley, John Murray, D. Cashman, and James Hines have been arrested by the sheriff on a charge of conspiracy to prevent men from working at the Penwell coal mine. These men who took an active part in the trouble at the Penwell mine Wednesday evening. Warrants are out for several more.

Damages in the Sum of $1.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 25.—The trial of the suit brought by Rev. Father Dent in the supreme court to recover $100,000 damages from Charles H. Parsons, editor of The Olean Herald and Democrat, for alleged libel, has been concluded, the jury returning the sum of $1. Rev. Father Dent said he was satisfied with his vindication.

Indicted for Election Frauds.

CHICAGO, May 25.—The grand jury did a land-office business in the Twenty-fourth ward election fraud matter, and in one brief hour heard witnesses, voted an indictment and returned the same into court, presenting twenty-six persons for conspiracy to fraudulently secure the election of James B. McAbee as alderman.

To Die by Electricity.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 25.—Frank Fish, who killed John Callahan, at Canandaigua, the night of Jan. 26, and was convicted of murder at Canandaigua, has been sentenced to die by electricity at Auburn state prison during the week of July 12. Fish is only 35 years of age.

Kemmler Must Die.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 23.—The supreme court of the United States has denied the application for a writ of error in the case of William Kemmler, under sentence of death by electricity in New York. Chief Justice Fuller delivered the decision.

Titles Given a British Princeling.

LONDON, May 25.—Her Majesty Queen Victoria has conferred upon Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, the titles of Duke of Clarence and of Avondale, and that of Earl of Athlone.

A Railway Purchase Announced.

BOSTON, May 25.—The Atchison railway management has issued a circular to stockholders announcing the purchase of a controlling interest in the St. Louis and San Francisco railway.

A Distinguished Prelate Dead.

BAMBERG, Bavaria, May 25.—Archbishop Schreiber, of Banberg, is dead. The distinguished prelate was a man who had risen from the ranks of the people, and was greatly beloved by them.

PENSION LEGISLATION.

Interviews with Several Leading Senators.

SOME SORT OF BILL WILL PASS

Which Will Benefit the Veterans Who Are Unable to Support Themselves Comfortably—What Senator Sherman Says of the Per Diem Bill—Views of Allison, Cullom and Other Senators—Items of Interest from the Capital.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 27.—A number of the leading senators were interviewed Monday on the probabilities of pension legislation during the present session of congress. Senator Davis, of Minnesota, chairman of the pensions committee, and Mr. Sawyer, of Wisconsin, both said that as they were members of the committee on conference that had the bill under consideration it would be manifestly indelicate for them to discuss it in the newspapers before an agreement was reached, but the report that has been submitted to the senate sets forth their views in detail and they would endeavor to secure the enactment of such a bill as was therein described. Senator Sherman said that congress would not adjourn without passing some sort of a bill for the benefit of the veterans who, by reason of their age or disease or wounds incurred in the service, were unable to support themselves comfortably, but as the bills which have passed the senate and house were now in the conference committee he preferred not to say or do anything that could in any way embarrass or be construed to reflect upon the gentlemen who have the subject in charge. The country might have complete confidence that they would reconcile the differences between the house and senate and report a bill that would go as far as the revenues of the government would permit in generosity toward the soldiers.

Favors the Per Diem Bill.

So far as the per diem bill is concerned Mr. Sherman thinks it is a measure more just than the universal service or age pension, which would afford the same assistance to all, regardless whether they served one day or four years in the army. He did not think such a service pension bill as this was favored by the thinking men among the soldiers of the war. The prisoners of war bill was one, he said, that appeals particularly to the sympathies and patriotism of all, and should be passed, but he understood that most of the survivors of Confederate prisons were already on the pension rolls. The proposition to pay the soldiers the difference between the value of greenbacks at the time of the war and the value of gold would, if adopted, bankrupt any government on earth, and he did not think it would ever receive serious consideration.

Senator Teller said he would leave the matter of pension legislation entirely to the committee, with full confidence that they would report a just bill. They had investigated the subject and knew exactly what they needed and what could be done. For himself, he was in favor of the most liberal pensions possible, and wanted them paid in silver certificates.

Senator Allison's Idea.

Senator Allison said that he had been so closely occupied with his duties as a member of the appropriations committee and the committee on finance that he had not been able to give any special attention to the subject of pensions, but he believed that the bill which had passed the senate was a good one. He had great confidence in the committee and would vote for any measure they proposed.

Senator Cullom said: "I do not know whether I am in favor of the conference bill or not. I do not know anything about it except what I see in the papers. I do not know exactly what its provisions are, and of course I can not express any opinion. My feeling is that the committee is not going as far as it ought to go in favor of the veterans of the late war. Of course we must keep the pensions within the revenues. We cannot afford to increase taxation, but I am in favor of as great liberality as possible, having in view the importance of the other interests of the country. I have always been in favor of a prisoner of war bill, and have always voted for arrears of pensions and shall always do so in future."

The Depreciated Currency Question.

"Are you in favor of a bill to pay the soldiers the difference between the value of the greenbacks they received for their pay and the value of gold at the same time?"

"No such bill is going to be passed. There is not money enough in the treasury to pay that difference and there would not be for years. The men who advocate the passage of such a measure have not the slightest comprehension of the amount of money it would require and the embarrassments that would follow such legislation. It would cost as much as the national debt."

Payson and Lawler Getting Well.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 27.—Judge Payson was at the Capitol for a short time Monday for the first time since was taken sick about two weeks ago. Mr. Lawler takes long walks daily by direction of his physician, but is forbidden to attend the sessions of the house for two weeks.

In Training for Penitentiary.

DES MOINES, Ia., May 27.—A dispatch from Eldora says that the Hardin county grand jury has returned an indictment against Edward Johns for perjury. The charge against Johns is that he bought twenty-four young wolves in Franklin county, brought them to his home near Abbott, killed them, and took their scalps to Eldora, receiving a bounty of $1 each for them, swearing they were captured in Hardin county. Young John's mother is reputed to be worth nearly $300,000, and there is no necessity of his resorting to such methods to obtain money.

Flooded by a Fire Extinguisher.

UTICA, N. Y., May 27.—The automatic fire extinguisher on the third floor of the Globe Woolen mills burst about 5 o'clock Monday morning and flooded the floors below it to the depth of several inches each. The floors are filled with valuable machinery and fabrics in the process of manufacture, all of which were greatly damaged. The loss is $50,000.

Will Probably Pull Through.

QUEBEC, May 27.—The assets of Messrs. Smith, Wade & Co., the big lumber firm of this city, who are in difficulties, are largely in excess of their liabilities, and the principal creditors have agreed to give the time and extension required to realize on the large stock of timber held by the firm.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

A peculiar sight was witnessed in Ansonia, Conn. It was what might be styled a shower of ants, and lasted nearly two hours. The air was completely filled with the insects.

In some districts of British Columbia grasshoppers have appeared in such numbers that they can be gathered by the bushel.

F. E. Norris, a fisherman, shot Fate Evans at Chattanooga, Tenn. Evans had boarded Norris' boat, threatening to kill him with a knife. Norris gave himself up.

John J. Woodward, traveling for the Holdeman Roofing company of Philadelphia, is in jail at Cleveland on the charge of obtaining money by false pretenses. He has realized $10,000.

The Rev. Martin, of Montreal, Que., who has decided to again become a Catholic priest, had resolved to continue in his Protestant faith, because of his love for his wife.

Edward Bellamy is talked of for the first mayor of the new city of Chicopee, Mass.

Complaints are made of extensive cattle stealing in South Dakota.

The Methodist general conference at St. Louis has declared the scriptural ground to be the only true one for divorce.

Winter wheat fields have been plowed up in various portions of Illinois because of frost and cold rains.

Capitalists have agreed to furnish the striking carpenters of Boston with funds for a co-operative manufacturing establishment.

Locusts are so numerous in some parts of south Australia that they cause a continual roar while flying, and the country is being stripped of everything green by the scourge.

Mabel Mason, the 14-year-old daughter of a Michigan lighthouse keeper, recently launched a boat, rowed a mile and saved a drowning sailor at the critical moment.

THE GARFIELD MONUMENT.

A Splendid Display on the Occasion of Its Dedication.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, May 28.—Everything points to a splendid display on the occasion of dedicating the Garfield monument on May 30. President Harrison, Vice President Morton and Secretaries Blaine, Rusk and Noble will arrive here Thursday noon, and the celebration will begin at that time. All ideas of a funeral character have been put aside. The parade Friday will include thirty military organizations, thousands of uniformed Knights Templar and many other civic societies. Great trouble is anticipated in transporting the visitors. Hackmen have organized a combine to secure $20 a day for each carriage. Indignant citizens at once tendered the use of their private carriages, and the police have been instructed to arrest every hackman discovered in overcharging transients.

THINKING OF RETALIATION.

How England and Holland May Meet the McKinley Bill.

LONDON, May 28.—Much feeling prevails throughout the manufacturing districts of England in regard to the proposed increase of American duties, and this sentiment is shared deeply in Holland, owing to the expected disastrous effect of the American tariff on the trade in Sumatra tobacco. It is thought possible, therefore, that some policy may be formulated, as already suggested in Holland, of discrimination against American products. Such a course would be received with delight by the farmers throughout Great Britain, who complain of the ruinous effect upon their interests of the abundant food supply from America.

The German Catholic Convention.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 28.—The first convention of the German Catholic societies in Wisconsin opened in this city Monday morning. It is expected the convention will adopt resolutions in opposition to the Bennett compulsory education law.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, May 28.

Following are the quotations on the board of trade to-day: Wheat—No. 2 May opened 94c, closed 94¾c; June, opened 94¾c, closed 94¾c; July, opened and closed 94¼c. Corn—No. 2 May, opened 33c, closed 33¼c; June, opened 33c, closed 33¼c; July, opened 33¾c, closed 33¾c. Oats—No. 2 May, opened 27¼c, closed 28; June, opened 26¼c, closed 27¼c; July, opened 26¾c, closed 26¾c. Pork—June, opened ——, closed ——; July, opened $13.30, closed ——. Lard—June, opened $6.10, closed $6.02½.

Live stock—Union stock yards prices were quoted as follows: Hogs—Market opened rather slow and weak with prices 5c lower; light grades, $3.70@3.95; rough packing, $3.70@3.75; mixed lots, $3.75@3.90; heavy packing and shipping lots, $3.80@3.95.

Cattle—Strong; beeves, $3.90@5.00; cows, $1.50@3.60; stockers and feeders, $2.40@4.00; Texas grassers, $2.50@3.40. Sheep—Quiet; muttons, $4.50@5.90; Texans, $4.00@5.00; lambs, $5.00@6.75.

Produce: Butter—Finest creamery, 15½@16c per lb; finest dairy, 12@14c; packing stock, 5@6. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 11c per doz. Poultry—Chickens, 9½@10c per lb; spring chickens, $2.00@2.50 per doz; turkeys, 9@14c per lb; ducks, 11@12c; geese $4.00@4.00 per doz. Potatoes on track—Common and mixed, 30@35c per bu; Peerless, 40@42c per bu; Burbanks, 35@36 per bu. Illinois sweet potatoes, good to choice, $3.50@4.75 per bbl. Apples—Fair to choice, $3.00@4.00 per bbl.

New York.

NEW YORK, May 28.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, 98c cash; do May, 98½c; do June, 98½c; do July, 95½c; do August, 95¼c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 40c cash; do June, 40c; do July, 40¾c; do August, 41¾c; do September, 42¾c. Oats—Quiet and steady; No. 2 mixed, 35½c cash; do June, 32½c; do July, 33¼c. Rye—Nominal. Barley Nominal. Pork—Quiet; mess, $13.75@14.25. Lard—Steady; June, $6.05; July, $6.4—.

Live stock: Cattle—Market ruled firm for all grades at an advance of 5c ₩ 100 lbs; poorest to best steers $4.80@5.15 ₩ 100 lbs; dry cows, $2.30@3.75. Sheep and lambs.—Sheep ruled firm and a shade higher; lambs strong ¼c ₩ lb lower; sheep, $4.60@5.10 ₩ 100 lbs; lambs, $6.50@8.00. Hogs—Market steady; live hogs, $4.00@4.70 ₩ 100 lbs.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, Ohio, May 28.

Wheat—Active and lower; cash and May, 93½c; July, 93¼c; August, 91¼c. Corn—Quiet; cash and May, 34¼c; July, 35¼c. Oats—Easy; cash and May, 25½c asked. Clover seed—Quiet; cash, $3.30; October, $4.06.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, May 28.

Wheat—Lower; cash, 86c; July, 92½c; August, 91c. Corn—Cash, lower, 34½c; July, 31½c; August, 32c. Oats—Cash lower, 27c; July, 26c; August, 24½c. Pork—Dull; retailing at $12.00@12.50. Lard—Nominal; butcher's grades, $5.85. Whisky—Steady; $1.00.

Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 28.

Wheat—Quiet; No. 2 spring on track, cash, 89@90c; July, 90½c; No. 1 northern, 86@86c. Corn—Dull; No. 3 on track, 33½c. Oats—Dull; No. 2 white on track, 29½c. Rye—None in store. Barley—Weak; No. 2 in store 47½@48c.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, MAY 31, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — The Bostonians.

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—"The Old Homestead."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Olivette."

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Dead Heart."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"A Mexican Romance."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Leonard's Galeties.

JACOB'S CLARK STREET THEATRE.
Corner of North Clark and Kinzie Streets—"Always on Hand."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison. — "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler."

PANORAMA—NAVAL BATTLE.
Michigan ave., between Madison and Monroe streets—The great naval battle between the Monitor and Merrimac.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

JAMES SLOAN.

If any St. Louis subscriber for THE CITIZEN can give the address of Mr. James Sloan of that city he will greatly oblige this office.

THREE FAVORITE SONS DEAD.

Death, in sudden form, has been exceedingly busy among the distinguished people of this city of late days. Scarcely had the public recovered from the shock of the Hon. Andrew Shuman's taking off than the equally unexpected deaths of the Hon. Thomas Drummond, the Hon. Wirt Dexter, and Dr. W. H. Byford followed in quick succession. All succumbed to some form of heart trouble, and all passed away with scarcely time to realize that their end had come. All the distinguished victims named were hard-working men. Judge Drummond and Prof. Byford had reached an age when death is more or less expected, but Mr. Dexter was still in the vigor of his years. All three were men of extraordinary mental endowments and their natural ability was aided by a thorough education. They were all landmarks in the history of Chicago.

Judge Drummond never had a superior for lucidity of judgment and integrity of intention on any bench. He was a shining light of American justice and legal erudition. His venerable appearance and patriarchal manner made him a model of judicial dignity.

Dr. Byford, whose whole life was devoted to the service of suffering humanity won a professional fame not entirely confined to the American continent. He was the very soul of practical benevolence, and the world has lost in him one of her greatest scientists.

Mr. Dexter, although not in the technical sense a public man, grew illustrious in the legal profession. He had no superior for learning, skill and eloquence at the Chicago bar, and it is doubtful if any American lawyer, of the last thirty years, Roscoe Conkling and Robert G. Ingersoll excepted, surpassed him as an advocate. He did not often appear on the rostrum, but, when he did, his speeches gave evidence of a masterly mind and of careful study of his subject. One of the most brilliant discourses he ever delivered was in support of the Home Rule movement in Ireland, at a great mass meeting held in this city some few years ago. In that speech, he clearly showed why America should sympathize with Ireland as against England, and he did not hesitate to declare that, under favoring circumstances, the subject island would be justified in imitating the example of the American colonies when the latter were similarly circumstanced.

Mr. Dexter mercilessly exposed the hypocrisy and selfishness of England in all her dealings with America. He gave a lucid account of the villainous conduct that led up to the war of 1812-15, in which he brought to light much interesting and unwritten history; but it was in dealing with the course of England during the War of the Rebellion that he rose to the sublimity of eloquence. The great audience cheered him as no American defender of Ireland's right to be free had ever been cheered before.

Mr. Dexter was not a sociable man, in the general sense, and, like all men of nervous temperament, was inclined to be irritable; but he was a sincere patriot, a great jurist, and the soul of personal honor. His loss will long be felt by the bar of this city, and men of all classes regret that his brilliant lamp of life was so suddenly extinguished. Indeed, the latter history of America in this regard has been a sad one. Too many of our really great men die prematurely. As a nation, we keep up too much steam all the time, and so wear out the vital machinery. Grant and Sheridan and Crook should still be among us hale and hearty. Sunset Cox, Sam Randall, Henry W. Grady, Roscoe Conkling and others of our celebrated men passed away almost before the frost of age had begun to settle upon their glorious heads. In fact, nearly all the great men of the Civil War epoch have passed from among us. It would seem that

> We have fallen on evil days,
> Star after star decays;
> Quenched are our beacon lights—
> Thou of the hundred fights—
> Thou on whose burning tongue
> Truth, love and freedom hung!

MR. WILHERE'S RE-ELECTION.

The convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, of America, recently held at Hartford, Conn., was a splendid muster of representative Irish-Americans from all parts of the Union. The proceedings were marked by great dignity and brotherly feeling. A striking incident was the triumphant re-election of the Hon. Maurice F. Wilhere, of Philadelphia, to the important position of National Delegate, or executive head of the Order. Mr. Wilhere had been bitterly, and most unjustly, assailed by personal and political enemies. He is a young man of fine personal appearance, and of splendid mental calibre. As an executive officer, he has sufficiently proven his ability, and as a public speaker he has few equals in this country of orators. It is sad that men like Mr. Wilhere, who reflect credit on the Irish race, are too often assailed by those who should be the first to defend them. But envy, jealousy, spite and malice still cling to human nature. They are things of evil not confined to any particular race, but no people have suffered from them more than our own. Therefore, no people should take more interest in driving out the devils that have possessed us for centuries. THE CITIZEN is glad that the Hartford convention indorsed Mr. Wilhere, and it extends to that gentleman and his fellow officers its best congratulations.

DEATH OF THE REV. FATHER BARRETT.

The whole city was shocked last Saturday morning at the announcement in the daily papers that the Rev. Father S. M. A. Barrett, pastor of St. Stephen's Catholic church, had been fatally shot the previous evening by a lunatic, named Keady. Father Barrett, whose health was none of the best, was sitting in front of his parochial residence, enjoying the fresh and fragrant air of May, when the fatal event occurred. Keady complained of "a pain in his heart" and "a sinking in his head." The good priest, who did not know him, advised the maniac to go home and go to bed. Keady started to go, and then, seized with maniacal frenzy, turned and shot Father Barrett through the abdomen. The unfortunate clergyman fell forward, exclaiming, "Oh my God, I am shot," and the madman walked away talking to himself and wildly gesticulating. He was subsequently arrested by a police officer, and admitted that he had fired the fatal shot. His ravings were horrible, and, only for the unmistakably insane appearance he presented, the wretched man would have been lynched by the excited and infuriated people. He was conveyed to the police station and locked up. Father Barrett lingered in mortal agony until 9 o'clock on Saturday morning when he expired, surrounded by his brother clergymen, and the surviving members of his family, among whom is his brother, Mr. Frank Barrett, long chief clerk in the City Comptroller's office. When informed of the priest's death, the lunatic said he "felt half saved," and only regretted that he had not also killed one of his brothers and Alderman Philip Young. One of the most distressing features about the tragedy is that the Keady family is among the most respectable in the city. It is said that Patrick Keady's head was turned by an unfortunate love affair, but, in any case, it is believed that he will spend most, if not all, of his future life in a lunatic asylum. The wretched man would seem to have been stricken with insanity all of a sudden, as his previous character, like that of his brothers, was excellent. It is one of the saddest tragedies that ever occurred in Chicago. Father Barrett was respected and loved by everybody. He had not an enemy in the world, and the 48 years of his life were devoted to his God and his fellow beings.

The funeral of Father Barrett occurred on Monday morning. More than a hundred clergymen joined in chanting the requiem for the dead, and St. Stephen's church was crowded almost beyond its capacity. The casket was covered with immortelles. Grief was strongly visible on every countenance in the great audience. The church, heavily draped in black, presented a most funereal aspect.

"The body had been lying in state in the church since 3:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon, being guarded by delegations from the honorary pallbearers. Soon after 10 o'clock the procession of priests, led by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, and Bishop Moore, of St. Augustine, Fla., entered the church. Bishop Moore had known Father Barrett at Rome, and he joined with heavy heart in the last religious rites over his friend. The Rev. Clemmenz Venn, of St. Boniface, was celebrant of the mass, assisted by Fathers Murphy and Baldwin as deacon and subdeacon. Others of the clergy present ware the Rev. Dr. O'Callahan, of Galena; Father Mangan, of Joliet; Father Van Delay, of South Chicago; Father R. Dinnen, of Crawfordsville, Ind.; Father Blakman, of Michigan City; Father Conwell, of Evanston; Father Muldoon, Father Maloney, Father Dore, Father Perry, Father T. Burke, Father Corbet, S. J.; Father Lonergan, Father J. Tonissi, O.S.; Father Bergeron, Father Scanlan, Father Therein, Father Carton, Father Hitchcock and Father McCarthy.

"The funeral sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Buhles and was an eloquent discourse. Archbishop Feehan also spoke briefly of the sterling, noble qualities of the dead priest, his faithful piety, and the peace with which he met his death. The ceremony of absolution was performed by the Archbishop. The choir sang Schmidt's solemn high requiem mass in G. Twenty four altar boys acted as acolytes.

"At the conclusion of the services at the church, at 12 o'clock, the funeral cortege proceeded to the Northwestern depot, whence the remains were taken to Calvary. The pallbearers were John F. Doherty, David Falvey, James Dwyer, Martin Crouse, James McGiven and John O'Connor."

MR. JEREMIAH HOWARD, of South Omaha, Neb., has subscribed, through THE CITIZEN, $10 to the Mandeville Monument Fund; and $10 to the Matt Harris Testimonial Fund, of which Mr. Thomas Sexton, and other Irish members of parliament, have taken charge.

THE Hon. Zach Montgomery, of Washington, D. C, will lecutre on "The Public School Question" under the auspices of the Union Catholic Library Association, at Central Music Hall, on Monday evening. Mr. Montgomery is a very able and eloquent man, and was lately Assistant Attorney General of the United States. He will, no doubt, deal most acceptably with a very vital topic.

IT is to be hoped that the managers of the World's Fair will not be imposed upon in regard to the sale of liquid refreshments on the grounds by the extreme prohibitionists. The people who may come here from Great Britain and Ireland, Canada, Mexico, South America, the continent of Europe and elsewhere are used to taking their comfort, under proper restrictions, in their own countries. It would never do to have them treated harshly and inhospitably here. Americans suffer more from prohibition cranks than any other people. THE CITIZEN believes in temperance and personal liberty. They go hand in hand.

THE report recently made to the Saxon house of commons by Messrs. Sexton, Healy and other Irish members of the Saxon house aforesaid, clearly convicts the Saxon government, through its jailers, of attempting to kill the Irish and Irish American political prisoners, Daly, Egan, Gallagher and others, by the time honored Saxon process of slow torture. But the Saxons, instead of punishing the brutal jailers, will surely promote them.

FATHER O'REILLY HONORED.

A Handsome Monument Dedicated to the Memory of the Late Zealous Priest by his Valparaiso Friends and Admirers.

The Catholic citizens of Valparaiso, Ind., and of the surrounding country, have erected and dedicated a fine monument to the memory of the late Reverend M. O'Reilly, of the Fort Wayne diocese, in St. Paul's Catholic cemetery. "The exercises," says the Valparaiso *Messenger*, "were announced to begin at 2 o'clock, but it was that hour before the procession left the church. The ceremonies attendant upon dedicating and blessing the stone commenced with the singing of the "Miserere," followed by the "De Profundis" and were conducted by the eloquent Father T. O'Sullivan, of South Chicago. After the intoning of the hymns Father O'Sullivan blessed the monument and then addressed a few earnest and eloquent words to the vast assemblage present on the life and works of Father O'Reilly. Though his remarks were brief they were most appropriate, especially so when spoken by a brother priest who knew Father O'Reilly both long and intimately. With the conclusion of Father O'Sullivan's address, ended the ceremonies.

The stone itself is of granite, about twelve feet in height, and is surmounted by the old Irish cross. In design and appearance it is one of the handsomest monuments in this part of the country. On the east face is the following inscription:

> In Memory
> of the Very Rev
> MICHAEL O'REILLY,
> Born at Cloonyclion, Westmeath, Ireland,
> Jan. 25, 1834.
> Ordained priest, Dec. 23, 1862.
> Pastor of St. Paul's Twenty-five years.
> Died Aug. 4 1887.
> Requiescat in Pace.
>
> This memorial is erected by friends
> who admired him in life and
> who revere him in
> Death.

The funds for the monument were raised among his friends in this city and elsewhere. Mr. P. O'Sullivan, the efficient secretary of the committee, deserves much praise for the ability he displayed in connection with its erection."

Braintree, Mass., celebrated the 215th anniversary of its incorporation last week. There was a large procession, followed by an address by Samuel E. Bates.

CARRY YOUR CAPES.

That is What Eleanor Kirk Advises the Ladies to do this Summer.

The Chances are 100 to 1 that the Awful Men Will Have to do the Carrying — An Apology.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 23.—From one or two letters lately received, it would seem that my frequent paragraphs upon the attainment and preservation of health have borne down a trifle heavily on the dearest of all my dear friends—the Shut-Ins. One invalid writes that some of my letters made her feel ashamed of her illness and very discontented, although it was not brought on by any sin of personal omission or commission that she is aware of. Now I confess that this communication has disturbed my mental poise more than anything I have had in a long time, for the simple reason that my whole heart goes out to the hopelessly shut in, and also because I owe to them the little I have attained to in philosophy and patience. Not for my right hand would I hurt the feelings of one of these, and I cannot recall a single line I have ever written that could do so. No one knows better than I how many ills there are from which humanity has to groan that are not self-inflicted, and surely it would be nothing less than brutal to recall past follies to those who are suffering their penalties. My desire is to keep the danger flag floating in a pretty stiff breeze of public protest against tight lacing, heavy clothes, pinching, ill fitting shoes, bad air and over-work, etc., etc., etc.

Those that can be saved from acute or chronic invalidism by advice, encouragement, information and sometimes a little scolding, I wish to reach if I can, and should be sorry to think that my method would not be generally approved by those who consider themselves invalids for life. All that is of any value to me in physiology, psychology and phylosophy I learned at the bedside of a physician who was totally blind, and unable to move a single muscle of his body. The cause of his illness was supposed to be a cut upon the hand while making an autopsy. He was in this condition almost a quarter of a century, and I knew him during the last ten years of his splendidly useful life, for never were years fuller of work accomplished for humanity than his. He has gone over to the great majority, and his friends and his pupils—for most of the former belonged to the latter class—bereaved indeed. He always knew the right remedy for heart and soul sickness, and was equally quick at a physical diagnosis. When the battle of life grew fierce and hot it was my custom to repair as soon as possible to the chamber of my friend and philosopher. When I say that it was utterly impossible to take a burthened and unquiet spirit out of this room, I am telling that which many others beside myself will gladly testify to. In other sick rooms I have been taught many valuable lessons, and most of my ideas of heroism have been formed from such examples. I hope my readers will be able to judge from this how impossible it would be for me to say or write a word that could cause these friends pain.

Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller and her sister Miss Mabel Jenness, will spend a few weeks in London with Lady Haberton. They hope to convince this social and somewhat eccentric leader that divided skirts are not intended to be worn as dress skirts. Lady Haberton's husband and children are much annoyed at her perversity in this matter, and with just cause, for what is the use of offending good taste when such offense is not necessary? The divided skirt as a petticoat is a marvel of comfort and convenience, but there is no call for it as an outside garment. Miss Miller's designs are all artistic and consequently beautiful. There is not a suggestion of vest or trousers to be found among her numerous patterns. Those who imagine that she has any sympathy with would be reformers of the Dr. Mary E. Walker type are simply in the densest ignorance. Mrs. Miller thinks that every woman should look as pretty as possible.

Miss H. M. Barbour, who will take a small and select party abroad this summer, informs me that her number only lacks two or three of completion. She is perfectly delighted with her traveling companions and anticipates a brilliant tour. Miss Barbour's pamphlet describing her route is said by competent critics to be the finest work of the kind ever published. No doubt some of my readers are already acquainted with this lady through the columns of the *Christian Union* and other periodicals. Miss Barbour is a younger sister of Mrs. M. F. Butts, one of our most popular American poets. Those who would like to communicate with this wide awake, most capable and congenial American chaperon, can address her at No. 81 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In respect to the inquiry of "Green horn," I would say that strange as it seems to her, fur shoulder capes are to be worn through the summer. They will be used by ladies for short excursions to the sea shore, and will be found most convenient and appropriate for the open cars. The capes are light, and when not needed can be carried with the greatest ease upon the arm by means of a strong loop. In the mountains and at the sea shore these fur capes will be found most comfortable for piazza and evening use.

Miss Elizabeth Bisland, assistant editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and who made the second best record as a globe circumnavigator, has given up her work in New York city, and has gone to England to live. She is to be the guest and protege of a famous Lady Somebody, but does not intend to abandon her profession as a writer. Miss Bisland's reception a day or two before her departure was a brilliant affair. With no outfit but brains, fine taste, good looks, and a determination to succeed, this young woman has been enabled to draw about her the very best that New York has had to offer in the matter of culture. Her home was a simple flat on Fourth avenue, over a store, but not one of her friends ever considered the location or the house. The rooms were exquisitely but not expensively furnished, and here to bid her good bye and God-speed came Mrs. Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair McKelway, and many other distinguished persons. With a little more leisure at her command Miss Bisland will undoubtedly reach a high place in literature.

ELEANOR KIRK

OBITUARY.

HON. JAMES E. MURRAY.

Hon. James Emmet Murray, ex member of the State legislature, ex secretary of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and for nearly twenty years connected with the weekly press of this city, died of consumption at his residence, No. 305 South May street, last Saturday in the 36th year of his age. He had been ailing for a long time and his death was, therefore, not entirely unexpected. He leaves a wife and four children. The funeral, which was very largely attended, occurred on Monday morning from the house to St. Patrick's church, and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery.

MRS MICHAEL HASSETT.

Mrs. Michael Hassett died at her residence, Mo. 201 Aberdeen street, on the 18th inst., in the 58th year of her age. She was born in Ireland, but had been a resident of Chicago during thirty five years of her life. Mr. Hassett is overwhelmed with grief, and has the deepest sympathy of all his friends and acquaintances. The deceased lady was a devout member of the Catholic church and passed away fortified by all the consolations of her religion. The funeral occurred on the 20th instant. St. Patrick's church was crowded with mourners. After requiem high mass had been celebrated, the casket was re conveyed to the hearse, and the procession moved to the depot, where thirteen funeral cars were in waiting, to convey the honored remains and the mourners to Calvary cemetery, where the interment took place.

MR. JOHN L. WALSH.

Mr. John L. Walsh, postmaster at South Chicago, died last Monday at his home. Mr. Walsh was well known, made and lost a fortune, and today there stand in this city numerous monuments to his charity and generosity. He was born in this city in 1838. After growing to manhood and acquiring means, John L. Walsh helped substantially in building St. Patrick's church, and the Jesuit church on Twelfth street. The Walsh school was named after him. During the war he assisted in the formation of the Ninety-first regiment. The remainder of his property Mr. Walsh lost in Western mines. Returning to Chicago he taught in the Bowen School, and was shortly after made superintendent of all the schools in South Chicago. During President Cleveland's administration he was appointed postmaster. He was married to Margaret E. McGovern. He leaves a wife, daughter, Mrs. Dr. F. H. Kidder, and two sons.—*Inter Ocean.*

FROM NEW YORK.

Street Cars to Run all Night—Blinded in an Instant—The Flying Tomato Can.

NEW YORK, May 26.—An ordinance has been passed by the board of aldermen compelling every street car line in this city to run its cars all night. Heretofore these companies, with the exception of the Third, Sixth, and Eighth avenue roads, have done just about as they pleased in regard to this matter. If it paid them to run cars after midnight they did so gladly enough; if, on the other hand, the nickles did not come in fast enough to suit, then the cars were stopped running, regardless of the inconvenience to the public. Some of the roads which run crawded cars all day, making a mint for the companies, are nearly deserted after a certain hour at night, and consequently no cars are run and people who live along those lines are compelled to walk. In a great city like this, thousands of people must work at night and it is a great hardship for them to trudge home on foot in the early hours of the morning. It is about time that something should be done for the convenience of the public, even if it does inconvenience the corporations.

A very sad incident occurred the other day to a young man in this city which has elicited the sympathies of every one in the community. It was the sudden blindness of Vice President Walter Webb, of the New York Central Railroad. Mr. Webb is a young man who had worked his way up from a subordinate position, until about three months ago he was elected vice president, placing him next to Dr. Chauncey Depew. A few days ago he was sitting at his desk engaged in solving some problem that had arisen, when those that were near him noticed that he suddenly arose, put up his hands and began groping about. The expression on his face showed him to be suffering, but he did not seem to be in physical pain. He stood for a moment, then asked what was the matter with the light. On being told it was all right he hesitated, then said pathetically, "I cannot see; I am blind." And such was the case. He was totally blind, but has since recovered some sight in one eye. Whether he will ever recover his full sight it is hard to conjecture. He has gone to Europe for treatment.

The always mischievous and ever ingenious small boy in this city has recently devised a new scheme of amusing himself at the expense of his neighbor—is very simple and easily made. The accessories needed are only an ordinary second hand tomato can, a piece of stout string, a piece of wire, and the unasked for use of the street car cable. One end of the string he fastens to the tomato can, the other, by means of the stiff wire hooked at one end, he gives a few quick turns around the moving cable. The string catches readily enough and in a moment the can is sailing gracefully down the street, apparently flying in all directions at once, but moving steadily on at the rate of six or seven miles an hour; cause of locomotion generally unknown to the casual observer. If there is anything that answers the purpose better of astounding pedestrians and frightening horses, it has yet to make its appearance, and until it does the small boy will continue to enjoy to the full his latest infernal invention.

EDWIN ARLINGTON.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

RISE IN THE PRICE OF BREAD.

A rather unexpected rise in the price of bread has taken place in Dublin. The rise amounts to a farthing in the 2lb loaf of first quality, and a halfpenny in the 4lb loaf of the same quality, which means that the former will be sold for the future at 3½d, and the latter at 6½d. These prices are considerably higher than the prices current in Belfast, and do not seem to have been justified by any recent rise in the price of flour.

FATALITY NEAR ENNISCORTHY.

On May 13 a farmer aged about 50, named Daniel Cleary, was found drowned in a marl hole some distance from his residence at Ballongowan, between Oulart and Blackwater.

VERDICT OF ACQUITTAL.

In the Recorder's court on May 11 a verdict of acquittal was obtained by John Byrne, coalporter, and James Ivers, dairyman, both of Old Kilmainham, in connection with the charge preferred against them in the police courts in March last, of having set fire to a man named Bowen while he was asleep in the house No. 2 Watery lane. The two men were returned for trial on March 17 by the police magistrate. On May 12 it was proved that the occurrence was accidental.

JOHN DILLON AND THE LADIES.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Liberal Federation was held in the Central Hall, High Holborn, London, May 18. Mrs. Gladstone, president of the Federation, presiding. The proceedings throughout were characterised by the greatest enthusiasm, and the speech of Mr. Dillon was warmly applauded. Among those present were: Countess Spencer, Countess Tolstoi, Lady Foster, Lady Dilke, Lady Stevenson, the Hon. Mrs. Aanley Ponsonby, the Hon. Mrs. Hardcastle, Mrs. Theodore Fry, Miss Orme, LL D., Mrs. Jacob Bright, Mrs. W. P. Byles and many thers.

COERCION PRISONERS.

Mr. Flynn asked the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the house of commons to explain why Messrs. Mulligan, Kavanagh, Mordaunt and Grannell, who were sentenced by a special court, under the Criminal Law and Procedure (Ireland) Act, at Gorey on Monday week, were handcuffed in pairs and conveyed under a heavy escort to Wexford jail. The Chief Secretary said that the constabulary authorities had informed him that the handcuffing of the prisoners was rendered necessary, the police having reason to believe that an attempt to rescue the prisoners would be made, a large number of persons having assembled (cries of "Oh" from the Irish members).

KILKENNY TAILORING TRADE.

What threatened to be a serious strike in the tailoring trade in Kilkenny has has been averted by the good sense of employés and employers.

A NEW CEMETERY.

On May 11 the Archbishop of Dublin consecrated the recently opened new cemetery for the Clandalkin and Lucan parish. The cemetery is situated about half a mile across the fields from the Lucan church, and by the road about two miles distant from it.

A YOUNG MAN DROWNED.

A young man named James Curley, a servant in the employment of Mr. D. O'Connell, P.L.G., and chairman of the Athlone Town Commissioners, while engaged watering a spirited young horse was precipitated into the river Shannon, and being unable to swim, was drowned before assistance could reach him. The body was soon after recovered.

SAVED FROM DROWNING.

At Athy, as some little girls were crossing the weir that here divides the Barrow and the canal to gather flowers on Ardreigh Island, one of them named Fitzpatrick slipped into the river. The girl would unquestionably have been drowned but for the gallant conduct of Michael Farrell, victualler, Duke street.

BYE ELECTIONS

Excluding unopposed ministerial returns, there have now been ninety-one bye elections. With the exception of Doncaster the Home Rule Liberal Party have retained every seat that was theirs in 1886, and they have won twelve from the other side, thus securing a gain of 24 votes on a division.

MUNSTER.

SKIBBEREEN.

The mackerel fisheries, which have been most zealously prosecuted by a very large fleet of fishing boats from the different fishing stations of the three kingdoms and the Isle of Man, have been doing remarkably well lately, but previously, save in a few instances, their fortunes were adverse enough. The captures at present vary from the enormous figure of 14,000 downward to each boat, one French boat arriving in Baltimore recently having that splendid haul, while £1 to 25s per 120 fish is paid for what in past years would at this stage of the season be bought for 10s or perhaps 7s.

"THE FRENCH ARE IN THE BAY!"

The fishing in and around the Bay of Bantry during this present season has been most successful and remunerative to those engaged in it. A large fleet of boats has been engaged in the fishing since the opening of the April season. There are about 140 French boats at present engaged in the locality, besides a numerous fleet of local boats, and from other distan

parts of the country, including Bray, and also some Manx boats. The French boats are continually fishing in deep water, and as their boats are built of stronger materials and are manned by a greater number of men their takes are consequently larger than those of the local boats. The price paid per 120 during the last week averaged about 40s. In general the fishing season along the south and west coast up to the present has turned out to be the most successful yet had in that locality, and it is believed it will yet be much better.

A FALSE ALARM

The people of Glenaharrold and adjoining district were much alarmed recently by the sudden descent among them of Sheriff Hobson, with bailiffs and a force of police, following whom came a battery of Royal artillery. It was at first thought that the long threatened evictions were about to be carried out, and large crowds assembled, but it was ascertained that the artillery were but the accidental companions of the sheriff while on their way to Glenbeigh, in county Kerry, for gun practice, and that the sheriff's object was merely a seizure for rent on the farm of Maurice Woulfe, at the suit of his landlord, Mr. Edward H. Massey.

ASSESSED FOR POLICE.

County Clare has been assessed for extra police during the past eight years as follows: 1881 £169 13s; 1882 £2 972 7s 1d; 1883, £6 608 3s 8. 1884 £6 896 2s 3s; 1885, £6,153 1s 8d; 1886, £3 807 1s 4; 1887 £4 161 7s 5d; 1888 £5,735 9s 1d; 1889, £6,915 5s 7d; total, £43 423 11s 1d.

EMIGRATION FROM QUEENSTOWN.

Emigration still continues, and though it has abated from the extraordinarily large numbers of the past three years, it is still very great. Since emigration set in this season the numbers leaving here each week were below those of the corresponding weeks of previous years. Total number of emigrants for week ending May 13 1,726 the number for the corresponding week of 1889 being 1,729.

CHARGE OF ASSAULT.

At the Killaloe petty sessions on May 11, three men named Patrick and James Andrews and Patrick Darcy were charged with assaulting a man named Patrick Keogh, on April 7 last. James Andrews was also charged with firing at Keogh on the occasion. Keogh identified the defendants as his assailants, stating that the only motive possible was that his family was boycotted. Evidence was given to prove an alibi, and the defendants were acquitted.

FISHING IN CORK.

Devotees of the rod and line state that the season has been so far fairly satisfactory. The favorable days for practicing the angler's craft are neither few nor far between, and enthusiastic sportsmen are to be met with almost at all times by the banks of our streams.

THE NORTH INFIRMARY.

At the monthly meeting of the trustees of the North Infirmary on May 14 the Rev. Archdeacon Archdall, Dr. Gallway, and the Rev. Mr. Powell, Protestant clergymen, who have not up to the present been members of the board, entered the room and took seats while the business was being transacted. After some time Archdeacon Archdall said he thought it was due to the other side to explain why they were present. It was because of their right to sit on the board of trustees as ex officio members. A long discussion ensued, and eventually the chairman asked to have the application of the archdeacon made in writing and they would have it considered at the next monthly meeting.

PRISON TREATMENT.

The local committee organized in reference to the case of John Daly have decided to make arrangements for the holding of public demonstrations throughout the kingdom to obtain an independent sworn inquiry into his prison treatmen.

ENNIS HORSE SHOW.

The programme of the annual horse show, established last year for the first time, has been issued for the present year, and it is intended to hold the show on the 18th and 19th of June nex —three days before Spancilhill great annual horse fair.

ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL.

Dr. Croke held the usual visitation in Mullinahone recently, and administered the sacrament of confirmation to about one hundred and fifty children, also the total abstinance pledge up to the age of twenty-one. He handed £10 to the parish priest as a mark of his sympathy with the tenants evicted last week by Mrs. Margaret O'Brien.

BANDON.

This season's salmon fishing in Bandon has been extremely disappointing to the sportsmen. The captures have not been numerous, and the weight is under the average. Poaching is carried on to a great extent.

RELEASE OF A CORK "CRIMINAL"

Mr. Thomas Barry, P.L.G., Killavullen, was released on May 12 from the county jail.

COERCION PROSECUTION AT ENNIS.

An Ennis correspondent wrote on May 12—At a coercion court held yesterday before Messrs. Keogh and Hodder, R.M.'s, James Fitzgerald, a young man of very delicate appearance, was charged on two separate summonses with having intimidated Thomas Griffey, a herdsman of Mr. Charles Gabbett Mahon, ex sub sheriff of Clare, and also with having intimidated Mr. Mahon, with a view of preventing the first named from herding the lands of Ballyalla, and the latter with giving the herding of the lands to Griffey. The defendant was sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

COERCION AT CASTLEMARTYR.

At the coercion court held in Castlemartyr on May 13 by Col. Longbourne and Mr. Redmond, R.M.s, an evicted tenant on the Ponsonby estate named Patrick Stanton was charged with resisting and obstructing the sheriff on April 24 on the occasion of the defendants eviction. The resistance was not of a formidable character, and the case was not pressed by District Inspector Ewart, who prosecuted. The magistrate sentenced Stanton to fourteen days' imprisonment with hard labor.

POLICE TERROR IN NEW TIPPERARY.

Mr. J. O'Connor asked the chief secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland whether it is a fact that on May 7, in the town of Tipperary, Mr. Robert Paul Gill, engineer, of New Tipperary, was accompanied by two policemen named Maddock and Gurry, who walked along side and keeping step with him; whether Mr. Gill asked the policemen if they had any business with him, and again whether they would persist in accompanying him in the same manner; whether Gurry said to Maddock, "answer no more questions, we will do what we like," and continued to accompany Mr. Gill; and whether this procedure of the policemen is according to any special instructions to the police of Tipperary. The chief secretary said he understood that Mr. Gill was not under police supervision, but that he was accompanied by Mr. Cullinane, who was (laughter and Ministerial cheers).

MOONLIGHTING OUTRAGE.

On May 14 a party of armed and disguised Moonlighters attacked the house of a farmer named Owen Browne, residing near Meelin. Browne's father was struck by a bullet below the hip. The wound is not believed to be fatal. The motive of the raid is thought to be the fact of Browne grazing an adjoining evicted farm.

LIMERICK CORPORATION.

A curious state of things in the Cleansing Department of the Limerick Corporation was revealed at a meeting of the Cleansing Committee.

The Superintendent of Streets said there was not a proper man among the whole of the sweepers. The cripples and the best men were paid the same wages, eleven shillings and sixpence. He suggested that they should bring the sweepers before the committee the next day, and have a look at them.

MR. HENRY HARRISON.

Mr. Henry Harrison, who was prosecuted in conjunction with Mr. Conybeare, M.P., in connection with the evicted Falcarragh tenants last year, but acquitted, was elected without opposition M.P. for Mid Tipperary, in succession to Mr. Mayne, resigned. He is a near relative of Justice Harrison's, and is a Protestant.

CONNAUGHT.

CONSECRATED

The bishop elect of the Protestant diocese of Tuam, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Sullivan, was consecrated at Armagh on the 18th inst.

FINAL EXAMINATIONS

At the recent spring term final examinations of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians and Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, out of the thirty-seven candidates, Mr. A. J. Kerwin, eldest son of Mrs. Kerwin, Kinvara, obtained highest marks in medicine, midwifery, and surgery.

A LARGE OFFER FOR A HORSE.

J. G. Blake, of Ballinafad, has refused £2,000 for "Quick March," winner of the Irish international steeplechase, at Leopardstown.

GOLDEN JUBILEE.

The parishioners of Dean McLoughlin, P.P., Kiltullagh, are preparing to celebrate the golden jubilee of their reverend pastor in a becoming manner.

THE FATHER SWEENEY TESTIMONIAL.

The treasurer of the Father Manus Sweeney testimonial acknowledges the receipt of £12 through the Very Rev. Father Greally, the proceeds of a concert inaugurated by Messrs. J. J. & E. Garvine, of No. 475 Hicks street, Brooklyn, late of Newport, and a few other Irishmen, in aid of the testimonial.

BALFOUR'S ANSWER.

The case of P. W. Nally was lately brought before the house of commons on very legitimate ground—namely, that in all justice, he ought to get credit in his unjust sentence from the date of his arrest, in May, 1883. Balfour, with all the cold callousness of his nature, answered in the negative.

ASSAULTED A CLERGYMAN.

At Belmullet petty sessions, on May 3 before Mr. Dillon, R.M., four young men named Healy, brothers, were returned for trial to the Castlebar quaster sessions, on the charge of committing an assault on the Rev. Joseph Fay.

KING HARMAN—STAFFORD.

The marriage of Miss King-Harman, of Rockingham, and Dr. Thomas Stafford, local government inspector for Ulster, took place on the 22d inst.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

At Derrygolen Mills, the late residence of Mr. P. M'Dermott, the woolen machinery seized on May 12, under writ of *fi fa*, was put up for sale. The sheriff was represented by John Malone, of Galway, and the Marquis of Clanricarde by an emergencymanman named Nesbitt. McDermott was served while in Galway jail with a writ for £160, being the amount of rent due by him at the time of his eviction. It was to meet this debt that the machinery had been seized. It was knocked down to the representative of Clanricarde for £75. There was a large force of police present.

GALWAY FISHERIES

Fishing in Galway Bay has been very good since the season commenced. Most of the fish are sent to the English market, and the local people suffer much for want of the fresh commodity. Salmon fishing in the river Corrib has just commenced, and promises remarkably well. Galway salmon has a wide celebrity. It is selling in Galway at present at 2s 3d per pound, but the selling price in London, to which it is nearly all exported, is, strange to say, considerably less, and this constitutes another grievance of the local people.

AN INVESTIGATION.

At Castlebar, on May 7, a magisterial investigation was held into charges of defalcations preferred against William Kelly and Malachy Hoare, assistants in the postoffice of that town. Witnesses having been examined for the savings bank department, London, and the postoffice authorities, Dublin, both prisoners were returned for trial without bail.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Roscommon races are fixed for the 16th of July.

Large numbers of persons left Roscommon for America during the first week in May.

The death is announced of Mrs. Michael Gorman, Bunninadden, at the early age of 38 years.

A tenant named Farrell was evicted from his holding on the Dillon estate, near Strokestown, on the 5th inst.

Although the weather at Ballina on the 12th inst. was bitterly cold and threatening it is probable that there was never such an assemblage of country folk seen at any race course as attended this meeting.

At the last Coolderry special sessions, William Coyle, publican, Four Roads, was fined 10s and costs for a breach of the licensing act, and seventeen persons who were found on the premises at prohibited hours, were each fined 2s 6d and costs.

ULSTER.

AN ALLEGED OUTRAGE.

An outrage of an unusual nature is said to have been perpetrated at the residence of Robert Strain, a special bailiff residing in an immediate suburb of Letterkenny. Mr. Strain states that as he, his wife and niece were sitting at the kitchen fire they were alarmed by a pistol shot striking the lintel of the kitchen door and knocking it off the rough cast. The police visited the house, but as yet no clue has been found to the perpetrators.

WANTS TO BE AN M P

It is stated that Mr. B. Foster MacGeagh, chairman of Foster's Parcel Express company, is to contest North Tyrone at the next election.

A SAD ACCIDENT.

The body of a man, missing from Letterkenny for two or three weeks, was found floating in the Foyle at Derry on May 13. Letters and other documents on his person fully identified the remains as those of Bernard Callaghan, 26 years of age, National school teacher at Woodlands, Letterkenny, who left home for Derry on business three weeks ago. How the unfortunate man got drowned is unknown.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

A cattle dealer named Cully, a resident of Newry, was killed, and Arthur Condall, another cattle dealer of Monaghan street, Newry, was seriously injured, in a railway accident at Liverpool on the 14th inst.

DEATHS.

Sincere sorrow has been occasioned throughout Belfast and vicinity by the death of the Rev. Robert Kavanagh, late chaplain of Nazareth House, Ballynafeigh, which occured at the institution on Friday, May 2. Deceased was born in Wexford.

Intelligence has been received of the sudden death of a distinguished Irishman, the Hon. Colman Macaulay, C.I.E., at Calcutta, on the 21 inst.

The Fermanagh *Mail* contains a lengthy obituary notice of Mr. John Madden, who died on April 29, regretted by all who knew him.

For several years past a gentleman in Nashua, N. H., has been in the habit of taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla to tone up his system preparatory to the heated term. He finds that this medicine relieves the tired feeling so prevalent during spring and early summer.

PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. John Trayner, with their daughter Miss Nettie and their son Charles, will leave Chicago next week for an extended trip through Europe, starting from New York June 7 on the "Umbria." "Uncle" John, as he is familiarly called, left his home in Monahan, Ireland, nearly half a century ago, landing in New Orleans, where he remained some time prior to his arrival in this city. For many years he had his horseshoeing establishment on part of the site now occupied by the Palmer House. It was there he laid the foundation of his success in life, and by thrift, perseverance and indomitable energy succeeded in accumulating a handsome fortune. This will be his first trip to Ireland since he left it, and the good wishes of his very large circle of friends go with the genial "Uncle John" and his happy family, and a hearty welcome awaits their return to the land they love so well. We wish them a *bon voyage*. Mc.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all other throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all other nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.

FOOTBALL! FOOTBALL! FOOTBALL!

The Great Irish Game,

Under the Ancient Gaelic Rules. The EMMET vs. INNISFAIL GAELIC ATHLETIC CLUBS will play for the Championship of Illinois on

SUNDAY, JUNE 8,

AT

Thirty-Seventh-st. & Indiana-av.

Game commences at 3 o'clock p. m.

Come and see the boys.

ADMISSION.....25 CENTS

"THE HUB"

Clothiers, Hatters, and Furnishers,

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CLERICAL DEPARTMENT

We beg to announce that we have added a CLERICAL DEPARTMENT to our establishment and will endeavor to furnish the finest Clerical Goods at the lowest possible prices.

Black Overcoats, single and double-breasted Prince Albert Suits, High-button Coats and Vests. ALSO A FULL ASSORTMENT OF COSSACKS at prices that can't be duplicated anywhere. We Invite Inspection. Mail Orders Solicited. We send good C. O. D., with privilege of examination and GUARANTEE A FIT

LECTURE

On the Following Feature of the

PUBLIC SCHOOL QUESTION,

"Has the Parent or the State the Greater Right to Control the Education of the Child?"

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CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 2, AT 8 O'CLOCK,

Under the Auspices of the Union Catholic Library Association, by

HON. ZACH MONTGOMERY,

Of Washington, D. C., Assistant U. S. Attorney-General under President Cleveland's Administration.

RESERVED SEAT TICKETS, - - $1.00, 75c, and 50c

Can be had at the rooms of the Association, Room 4 94 Dearborn-st., and at Box Office of Central Music Hall. An Excellent Musical Programme will be presented.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS

OF CHICAGO,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business May 17, 1890.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$6,904 295 70
Overdrafts		11,708 17
U. S. bonds to secure circulation, par value		50,000 00
U. S. bonds on hand par value		200 600 00
Other stocks and bonds, par value		195,775.00
Due from National banks	$1,017,202.05	
Due from state banks and bankers	404,624 28	
Exchanges for clearing house	772,356 57	
Cash on hand	2 236,2 3 09	
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	2,250.00	
Due from U. S. Treasurer other than 5 per cent redemption fund	37 000 00	
		4,429,885.99
Total		$11,792 264.86

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in		$1.000 000 00
Surplus fund		700 000 00
Undivided profits		136 749 77
National bank notes outstanding		45.000 00
Dividends unpaid		447 50
Individual deposits subject to check	$6.602,375 63	
Bank deposits	3,247,691.96	
		$9,910,067.59
Total		$11,792,264.86

GEORGE SCHNEIDER, President.
WM. H. BRADLEY, Vice President.
WM. A. HAMMOND, Cashier.
CARL MOLL, Assistant Cashier.
HENRY D. FIELD, 2d Ass't. Cashier.

IRISH DILISK.

This splendid natural cure for the very worst forms of dyspepsia and kidney disease, freshly imported from Ireland, is for sale by DUFFY BROTHERS, General Western Agents and Importers No. 314 Blue Island avenue, Chicago Price 25 cents per pound, with large reductions to liberal consumers. Country orders for 5 pounds and upwards only will be filled.

TEAS!

Best Sample Tea	20c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

WHY PAY MORE?

SEXTON, The Tea Man,

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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SMITH, JOHN M.,
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
158, 160, 162 & 164
West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Office and Yard
308 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

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M. E. Ames, Attorney-at-Law.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P.,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st.
Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block,
112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 931.

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Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors.
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

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Dealer in Staple and Fancy
Groceries and Ship Supplies.
Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware
349 W. Harrison street.
Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

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The Artistic and Reliable
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A Perfect Fit Guaranteed

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Dublin.
(Ireland's Most Distinguished Physician).

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☞Or if you order through your druggist be SURE and GET THIS INFALLIBLE REMEDY. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.
AGENTS WANTED.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

The Best Remedy

in this world, says J. Hofherr of Syracuse, N. Y., is Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, because my son who was partially paralized three years ago and attacked by fits, has not had any symptoms of them since he took one bottle of the remedy. I most heartily thank for it.

Nervous Prostration Cured.

CROGHAN, N. Y. June, 1888.

I was not able to do anything for 19 months, was confined to bed most of the time, couldn't eat nor sleep, was so nervous and dizzy that I could not walk from the house to the garden. I was all run down by what the doctors called nervous prostration. No medicine seemed to help me. Then I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and now I can eat and sleep and have no more sinking spells, can do my housework again. I am very thankful for this and recommend the Tonic to all sufferers.

SUSIE VERSHNEIDER.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

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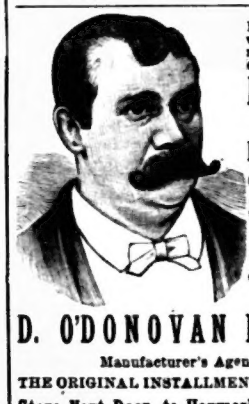

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HE'D HAD NO SHOW.

Joe Beall 'ad set upon a keg
Down to the groc'ry store, an' throw
One leg right over 'tother leg,
An' swear he'd never had no show
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show."
Then shift his quid to 'tother jaw,
An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an chaw.

He said he got no start in life,
Didn't git no money from his dad,
The washin' took in by his wife
Earned all the funds he ever had;
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show."
An' then he'd look up at the clock,
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk.

"I've waited twenty year—let's see—
Yes, twenty four, an' never struck,
Altho' I've sot roun' patiently,
The fust tarnashion streak er luck
Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show."
Then stuck like mucilage to the spot,
An' sot, an' sot, an' sot, an' sot

"I've come down regerler ever' day
For twenty years to Piper's store;
A've sot here in a patient way.
Say, hain't I, Piper?" Piper swore,
"I tell ye, Joe,
Yer hain't no show
'Fer too dern patient"—ther hull raft
Jest laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed an' laffed.
—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

A MAN IN THE ROOM.

I awoke at midnight with a start. There was a man in the room.

The shutters were closed and the window, as I had left it, was lowered for a space of probably six inches or more. He must have come in, then, through the door of my bedroom, which adjoined the sitting room.

It had been a stormy night and the monotonous drip drop of the remaining globules of rain came from the eaves in a mournful and irregular plashing. My senses at first were in a half haze—a drowsy and bewildered stupor was what I found myself in as I first waked.

Gradually my mind became clearer. The room was intensely dark; so dark, in fact, that the peculiar illusionary buzzing of the silence sang in my ears. What was to be done? It was midnight and there was a man in the room.

There is something so grisly—so awfully suggestive of murder—in this feeling of a stranger's proximity to one at the dead of night that experience alone can give it its true effect. So, too, there is a very strange and as yet unsolved riddle in this knowledge of unseen human contiguity. You stand in a street car clinging to a strap. Somebody behind you wishes to advance, or needs more room. You may be reading a paper and probably have not noticed his approach, yet instinctively you step forward.

Or perhaps you are standing at the entrance of some one of the great buildings of the city conversing on matters of importance with a friend. Your mind is presumably intensely occupied, your eyes on your companion, your lips moving. Suddenly you step aside; some one brushes past, his shoes incased in rubbers, and turns the corner without a sound; certainly there was nothing that could be heard above the rumble and rattle of the numberless vehicles which fill the streets with their jarring and clangor.

Yet you knew this person wished to pass, and that you were possibly a little in his way. You had neither seen, heard, nor touched him, but you were nevertheless aware of him.

Take it even in the solitude of the country. Sitting on a fence in some lonely field you are all at once apprised of the fact that a man is advancing toward you and is already quite close to you. Now, you have doubtless been day dreaming before this conviction came to you, watching the sheep as they grazed quietly down near the river or marking the sleepy circles of some hawk's flight and midaerial poises. You were deeply preoccupied, to be sure, and this man came across a plowed field where his boots crushed the dry soil and passed along as noiselessly as the underground march of a mole.

But an indefinable current of perception—a wave of intuition—had warned you of the nearness of a human being. Everything else was calculated to attract your eyes and enchain your mental faculties. However, you turned immediately and saw him standing there smiling. He had a message for you. Yet the weird message, the certainty of the approach of a human being, who sent that? Nay, then, I can not tell you this.

It was the same feeling that had rushed upon me like an avalanche as I woke. It was midnight and there was a man in the room.

Past that hour, was it not? Let me consider, for the question of time may have peculiar significance. It was 10 o'clock when I retired. At 10:30 the policeman on the beat had passed. His club had rung sullenly on the stone coping, and I recollect picturing him to myself as he passed—a sturdy, alert bluecoat, with pistol and staff; peering into the alleys; looking curiously at the occasional night lights that burned here and there with a dim and uncanny flare; whistling not infrequently; yawning; looking up at the stars, and at intervals communing with himself. It all seemed quite ludicrous, I remember, as I lay there, but the matter is hideously serious now. What would I not give to hear his "locust" spurn the dull pavement with his sonorous, challenging rap. There is something menacing in that sound at night to the wrong doer. It says authoritatively: "Who goes there?"

If it is past midnight the patrolman will come again in an hour or so. Death o' my life! Sixty minutes? Sixty minutes? Can I contain my patience that long, staring into the muffled darkness? And, indeed, what will this devil be doing meanwhile—this man in the room?

No! the plan of waiting for the officer was not feasible. What if he did come by? Would not the burglar or assassin defer his operation until the coast was clear? Undoubtedly. Let me reason this problem out carefully, even coldly. It is, let us say, a matter of life or death. In the first place, I had been foolish enough to lay my revolver on the dresser, which was twenty feet from the bed. That could only be gained by a scramble and a spring. Again—suppose the intruder had taken the weapon from its resting place and stood doubly armed, watching me as a cat would watch a mouse?

I cannot bring myself to believe that this would be a sensible move. This dilemma must be faced and grappled with in a wise as well as a courageous manner. This wretch in my room—his life is not worth as much to himself, to the world or to humanity as mine. He has the advantage of weapons; he is on the qui vive; he knows that I am awake as surely as I know that he is in my bedchamber.

The stertorous puffing of a locomotive sounds far away. Those men on that engine now—they are covered with grime and soot; they are risking their lives daily and nightly. But they are toilers. Wives and children they have, and with them the honor of women and the life of man is safe. If I were with them now out on the dreary, drizzling flats, with the moonlight straggling down on the pools by the track, I should certainly be safe. Here I am surely in danger.

A large wardrobe in the room gives out a crackling sound, as if the man had shifted his weight somewhere and the change had caused the boards in the wardrobe to expand or contract. In the sitting room all at once some fragments of anthracite drop noisily down the "feeder" of the the base burning stove. The curtain flaps. Everything inanimate seems to be on the lookout. On my hand a misty breath of night wind comes like the breath of a human being.

Action or inaction? And now, which is the best kind of bravery? Is it the forlorn hope quality, which heeds not of danger, but hurries headlong to almost certain death? Or is it the cool and deliberate intent to carry out a purpose already carefully matured? Recklessness may be excused for example's sake, and true courage will do or die for a friend or a loved one's peril. But in a contest of the kind which will follow if I attempt violence against this nocturnal prowler the truest valor is the deliberative and discreet kind.

I am broad awake now, and no excuse can be made for me if I yield to rash impulses against my better judgment. The situation is plain. The circle of contemplation is a small one.

As to the problem, it represents but three important factors, and they are as follows; It is midnight—I am awake—there is a man in the room.

Although my ears had not caught the sound of his entrance into my sleeping apartments I feel confident that he has been there but a few moments. I am of an exceedingly wakeful disposition and the vicinity of any one in my room at night, or of even an animal, is almost immediately followed by my waking up.

The back door had been securely fastened before I went to bed, and the windows of the house were too high to be reached except by means of a ladder. At the front door a midnight marauder would have been too conspicuous. Besides the alley which led into two other byways afforded a dark and various mode of retreat in case of either hurried or leisurely flight. He must have entered by way of the back door. To cross the kitchen floor without arousing me he must have walked either in his stocking feet or worn stockings over his shoes.

Now, I cannot say truthfully whether I am what is commonly known as a brave man if you judge me by a certain standard. I have read of just such occurrences as this that I am experiencing, where men have leaped from their couches at dead of night, grappled with the thief and overpowered him. They were, we will say, brave men. Certainly they were reckless men. I admire their dash, but am not inclined to follow in their footsteps. They either did not think of or did not care for the questions of arms or advantage, but boldly risked their lives, regardless of these differences.

I am, to be perfectly frank, afraid to attempt this sort of an exploit. If this devil in my room, whom I hate with a deadly hatred, were unarmed then I would not hesitate to try conclusions with him, even in the darkness, relying on my natural strength, grip, quickness, and the intensity of my anger at being awakened from an honest slumber to solve such a demoniacal puzzle. If by any possibility I should have found this fellow unprepared and could have killed him like a dog, without giving him the slightest opportunity, I would have done so instantly and without the least compunction.

But the possibilities even of his venturing here at midnight unarmed are not to be thought of. Such a theory is against human experience, against reasoning, and is absolutely illogical. I refuse to entertain it.

To recur to the proposition of attacking a burglar in midnight darkness. It has sometimes proved a complete success, sometimes a partial one; but often it has turned out a disastrous failure.

If you are wounded, and secure the burglar, you are a hero, and the intruder will doubtless be fitly punished. Meanwhile you suffer more or less pain, inconvenience and trouble before you can return to your business. However, the admiring comments of your friends are very sweet.

But supposing you were crippled for life. That is not pleasant to contemplate, is it? You are a hero, it is true, but cannot run, dance, skate, hunt and the like. You are, we will venture, not yet 30 years of age, and will live till 50. Twenty years or more of limping through life simply for an impulse!

It will not do.

Again, it might be death; lingering or sudden. Will the fact that justice takes the life of the murderer give you any recompense? The seasons — the green carpet of spring, the half blown roses of summer, autumn's mellowed glory, and the feathery signals of winter—these will come to you and find you all unresponsive.

Men and women you will heed not, for your feet shall have dipped in the tide of the unknown, and your lips will be silent.

No; this positively will not do.

It is probably 1 o'clock at night. I am awake and vigilant. There is a man in the room, and he is armed.

Supposing, now, that I were armed. I have used and been familiar with firearms since I was a mere boy—accustomed to the use of rifle, shot gun and revolver.

The revolver is necessarily the weapon which appears in these affrays between the burglar and the householder. Now, although I am not what is termed a "crack" shot with a revolver, it would be an easy thing for me to put a 38 caliber ball into a man if he were sitting or standing thirty feet from me.

If I had my revolver now, would it be advisable to begin operations? Let us see. This man is either sitting or standing in some corner of the room. He would not stand in the center of the room, for the tendency is to skulk where the shadows lie deepest. Supposing my revolver was in my hand and I fired a shot. That would change the aspect of this matter into an absolute question of life or death. The burglar would return the shot. He would fire at the flash of my weapon; perhaps hold a dark lantern to one side and dispose of me at one or at the most two shots.

As it is almost impossible to determine where a man is who is merely somewhere in your bedroom, I am led to conclude that promiscuous firing on the part of the occupant of the bed is not a wise action: further, that it is suicidal.

This man in the room is doing one of two things. He either believes that I am fully awake and cognizant of his presence, or that I am restless without suspicion and may soon be again in dreamland.

If I adopt the first idea, he has his hand on his weapon ready at an instant's notice to fire. He may be even anxious and a trifle startled. It is within the bounds of possibility that he may even believe that I am similarly armed and watchful, and he may entertain a sort of fear of me. Ha, ha. If it were not so ghastly it might be ludicrous.

On the part of the second theory, if he thinks me merely drowsy he will wait for the regular breathing that denotes sleep before he stirs again. Failing to hear that he may proceed to stern measures—intimidation or worse. I have given up the idea of his being an assassin. It is an illogical supposition, and the darkness shall not make me superstitious or childish.

What if I simply counterfeit sleep and let him go on with his scheme of plundering? But I cannot sleep. As alert and cool as I feel myself to be, this experience has made me wrought up and nervous. I wish it were light, or, failing that, I wish this prowler would make up his mind to do something. The darkness is alarming, but the knowledge that it envelops this wretch makes it tenfold more fearful. Look into a dark cave. It is not the mere gloom that makes it seem so awesome; it is the thought that in this cave hides—what? You do not know, but observe yon rolling thunder cloud; it is black, lowering and tremendous. Perhaps it is tornado charged. At least, what it may hold renders it more an object of fear than its mere outward form.

How doubly and quadruply sickening, then, when we feel that the darkness surrounding us is hiding that most terrible of beasts, man?

For as the intelligence of man predominates over the craft of animals so does the ferocity of man surpass that of the tiger and shark.

I cannot go to sleep. This man must be the first to make a move on the chess board. Does he intend to wait? So will I—till the rumble of the early wagons shall resound along the paved street. Till the watchful stars have doffed their gray uniform and the faint, ashen dawn shall pry with tremulous fingers in the crevices of my window shutters.

But will he wait?

Now that is a fallacious conjecture. He must fulfill his object and depart. He must obtain something for the extreme risk taken. It is no light thing to come into a home on an errand of this nature. Slaying him under most circumstances would be perfectly justifiable even in the eyes of the law. And in the eyes of the juror it would require extraordinary circumstances indeed to make you liable to punishment.

Besides, if convicted for burglary, the punishment is extremely severe; in some states and under some statutes the death penalty may be given.

Therefore this man in my room will shortly commence operations. Where will he begin and how? Will he first ascertain if I am asleep, or will he conclude that I am awake and proceed to the pleasing task of terrorizing me? And what, after all, will be his reward? I have no money, my watch is a key winder and a cheap one, and my other jewelry is of the plainest possible kind.

Why do not these fellows select a residence more likely to afford better opportunities for riches than my humble rooms? They usually do. Do they not always? Almost invariably.

It is long past midnight. I am awake. I appeal to logic and calm common sense. It is I, myself; I am the man in the room. It was even so. I turned to my pillow and slept.—Ernest McGaffey in Chicago Times.

To produce sufficient silk to make a dress requires more time and capital than most people would imagine. If we take one and one-quarter pounds as the weight of pure silk required, this would be equal to two pounds of raw silk. To produce two pounds of raw silk would require the entire silk obtained from 7,000 to 8,000 worms, allowing a percentage for death by disease and other casualties.

The Austrian national hymn has, it appears, become almost unrecognizable in the midst of the orchestral filagree work with which band masters have decorated it; so the order has gone forth that the hymn is to be played throughout the empire only as Haydn originally arranged it.

The celebrated tun at Konigstein is said to be the most capacious wine cask in the world—holding 1,869,236 pints. The top is railed in, affording room for twenty persons.

HOW TO DRESS CHILDREN.

The Material Should Be Fine, Although the Style May Be Very Plain.

The maternal pride that prompts all mothers to dress their children as well as possible under adverse circumstances also induces them to spend many an hour over their clothes without begrudging either the labor or time. Fortunately, the most appropriately dressed girls are the plainest clothed; but, by being plain in style, it does not follow that the little frock is not to be of a dainty material, tastefully made and in a becoming manner. Do not put too somber a color upon a sad faced child; neither have all around sashes on a stout little figure, which requires tapering effects.

A little thought will soon settle this part of the task, which is the simplest. Blouse suits of the cottons imitating flannel; lawn tennis flannel, which is part cotton, and all wool blue and white flannel and serge are the most comfortable of play dresses, and for little ones nothing can replace them. If trimmed in any manner, let it be with cotton or woolen braid, according to the material of the dress. Sew the gathered skirt, which is amply full and hemmed, to a silesia underwaist, and have a sailor blouse, with the regular sailor collar and coat or shirt sleeves, with a round neck or tiny band as preferred. Misses wear the blouse suits made in a similar style, and their half worn skirts may be entirely worn out with two or three odd blouses made in this fashion, or as belted waists of wash surah or striped tennis flannel.

Nainsook for gimps may be had ready tucked, or the white embroidery can be used. Separate gimps are advocated, as they are easier to wash. White frocks are of plain nainsook or embroidered flouncing, twenty-seven inches wide. Those of last season may be remodeled by adding a waist belt of insertion, vest of the same and revers of edging over a tucked gimp. If the skirt is too short, lengthen it with a row of insertion let in. Plaid and striped ginghams are always neat with accessories of embroidery, and small figured sateens are frequently made over for little ones and worn with the inevitable gimp, which is called an "American idea," though it originated in France.

Any dress to be made over for a young girl can have new sleeves, yoke and skirt border of tartan plaid woolen goods, cut bias. This may be used for any plain, dark woolen goods, and if the renovated dress is of striped material the extra portions added are of plain cashmere. Their sleeves are full, collars high, or plaited and turned over, and the skirts are usually full and gathered. Round waists, jacket bodices and pointed basques having full fronts, are worn by young girls, with full vests, girdles, half belts and cuffs similar to those worn by older girls. The only silk addition made to their toilets is of surah or India silk in small figures.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Father of Photography.

What fact more commonplace to our mind than the photographic process of portrait taking! Many of us remember the original form of these sun pictures—the daguerreotype, specimens of which, once in awhile, we draw forth from some unexplored drawer, carrying us back to the forgotten days of childhood. It was no further off than 1838 that Madame Daguerre, the wife of the inventor of the process, had an earnest consultation with one of the medical celebrities of the day concerning her husband's mental condition. After acquainting the physician with the many indications of Daguerre's mental aberration, she added, with tears in her eyes, that the concluding proof of his insanity was his absolute conviction that he would succeed in nailing his own shadow to the wall or in fixing it on magical metallic plates.

The physician listened with profound attention to this culminating evidence of mental derangement, answering that he, himself, had observed in Daguerre strong symptoms of madness. He closed the consultation by advising that her husband should be sent quietly and without delay to the well known lunatic asylym, Bicetre. Two months later the world of art and science was stirred to its center by the exhibition of a number of pictures actually taken by the new process. Arago, in January, 1839, laid an account of the process before the Academie des Sciences, and soon the "lunatic" was heralded as the father of photography.—Arena.

A Husband's Trick.

The devices that men employ to fool their wives as to the hour at which they reach home are numerous, but a newspaper man hit on a new one not long ago. It is queer the same trick has not been adopted with enough frequency to have become popular. This man has a clock in his house that strikes "1" at the half hour, and when he has a night off he gauges himself to get home a few minutes before some half hour. If it is 4 o'clock he waits until about 4:20, and then he goes bustling in, making noise enough to wake up the dead. The sleepy wife throws the covers off her head and says: "Oh! is that you? What time is it?" The husband replies carelessly: "Time? Nearly 1, I guess; I don't know exactly, my dear." By this time the clock strikes "1" and the wife is satisfied. Long before the hour of 5 is reached the wife is again fast asleep, and she never suspects her lord and master has played it on her.—Chicago Herald.

The present vicar of Melton Mowbray, England, has discontinued a venerable custom. By an old charter the vicar of the parish is authorized to sit in the church at a specified time and at a specified table and collect 2 pence from every married parishioner and 3 pence from every unmarried parishioner.

Never allow yourself to be awakened in the morning. Go to bed early enough to have your sleep out. It is very injurious to get up day after day with your sleep unfinished.

Professor Forster, of Breslau, has had 300 cases of affected eyesight due to disturbance of the circulation caused by wearing tight collars.

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Real and Stage Proposals.

"They talk about realism being rampant in later day stage productions," said a man who leaned over the back row of seats the other evening, and by that act proclaimed himself a theatrical rounder, "but I fail to see it. Stage realism, as I understand it, means the counterfeit of reality in private life. Now, I want to know if ever a lover off the stage got behind his girl's chair when he wanted to propose to her like that one did in the second act just now? Some way or other stage lovers always get around behind their girls and pour out their passionate tale over the fair one's shoulder. And then they appear to be surprised when the girl rejects them; but I'm not. If I was a girl I would not only reject a lover who got behind me to propose and talked over my shoulder, but I would set the dog on him to boot. Yes, I would.

"I tell you there's only just one way to propose to a girl—I've had experience, and know: You've got to get mighty affectionate and snugglesome beforehand, and before you spring the important question you've got to get her waist in chancery, as it were, while you patty cake palms with the disengaged hand. Then you must look soulfully into her eyes and let it go. Under such circumstances a man can talk in a way that no girl of heart can resist, and before you know it she has said 'yes,' and you've kissed her and it's all fixed. Compared to this method the stage lover's way is as sawdust pudding to tapioca."—Chicago Mail.

Dignity Without Fun in the Senate.

To preside over the senate is one of the least profitable and least interesting occupations a public man can have, especially when he has not the right to vote, but only to sit as a figure head—a symbol of authority. The dignity of the position, of course, makes it one that most any American citizen would be glad to occupy, but it is seldom the desire of either the vice president or the president pro tem. to occupy the chair at all times during the session. For instance, if a speech is to be delivered by some gentleman who prolongs the interest of his topic in diluted quantities through many hours, the presiding officer has nothing to do but to sit in the chair and try to appear to pay attention and to keep himself from going to sleep.

Ingalls, it is said, used to stick pins in his legs now and then on such occasions when he felt himself getting drowsy. It is customary, however, when anything particularly dreary is to occupy the senate, for the presiding officer to call upon some member to act as his substitute in the chair. The older men understand very well that they are being made a convenience of when called to preside in this way, and they are not usually flattered by the distinction, but the new senator is apt to be a ready victim for the sacrifice.—Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Porter Who Sees the Seamy Side.

"It was dat bald headed ole man wid de yeller chin whiskers," said the colored porter of the Pullman car, with regretful cadence, as he leaned against the water cooler and fanned his heated brow with a soiled towel. "What was?" asked a sympathetic passenger.

"De ole wretch wot guv me fo' cents. He's gwine to git off at Ro'way, and I see'd him dallyin' wid seben quo'ters a few minutes ago, and done gib him a harf dollar brush. 'Deed I did. Brushed his hat and coat and scratched nine mud spots off his obercoat, and den he pulls out dem fo' cents, and says he, 'Sorry po'ter, I ain't got no mo' change.' I kin tell you," added the porter with a soul weary look, "dey talk about de po'ters, but we all cert'nally sees de seamy side. Yo' git yo' hope way up, and youse gwine shure nuff to git it squashed."

And then, with the air of a man whose reward is not in this world, the saddened porter went back into the car and told a little man with red whiskers to stand up and be brushed.—New York Tribune.

Grim Decimals.

In a legislative discussion of a bill to regulate and fix the liability of employers in case of accident to employes, a member, in favoring the bill, made a speech in which he said:

"Consulting the statistics on this subject, Mr. Speaker, I find that each laborer killed in an accident leaves the following average number of relatives:

"Widow, 0.5.

"Children, 1.9.

"Dependent parents, 0.2."

"From which it appears," said a gentleman on the other side of the house, breaking in, "that if it were not for the children, the fatally injured workman, taking his wife and parents together, wouldn't leave one entire relative!"

The interruption was ruled out of order, and the discussion proceeded.—Youth's Companion.

A Little American Gentleman.

The passengers on a Pennsylvania annex boat enjoyed a pretty little scene the other day, in which the gallantry of a small boy of 6 or 7 would compare with that of Mrs. Burnett's far famed little lord. He was a sturdy built little fellow, and dressed in his peajacket, with Knickerbockers and military cap, looked the picture of a little gentleman. Occupying the seat next to him was a fair little maiden, perhaps 3 years old, who wished very much to see the book which the boy held in his hand. In the most gentle and courteous way he showed her the pictures, explaining, in childish fashion, their meaning.

Not content with this, he began to tease his mamma to let him give the book to his admiring pupil. The mother seemed pleased, but said: "Why, I thought you wanted me to buy this book so you could have it to read on the cars going home?"

"So I did; but can't the little girl have it?" She finally gave her consent. His face lighted up, and the little gallant handed his beloved book to the shy maiden at his side. Great was his surprise and disappointment to have it refused in the most decided manner, and as he took the rejected book and walked off the boat he looked the picture of despair. He did not forget, however, to turn round at the last moment and touch his hat to his little friend, who, as she held fast to her mother's hand, said: "Dood-by, little boy."—New York Tribune.

Who Wrote Shakespeare?

Those interested in the now almost obsolete discussion Donnelly vs. Shakespeare may find a few crumbs of comfort in this:

Hamlet overheard Julius Cæsar tell King Lear on the Twelfth Night after the Tempest that Anthony and Cleopatra had told Coriolanus that Two Gentlemen of Verona were the authors of Shakespeare's plays. Lear said: You may take it As You Like It, but I don't believe it, for I heard Romeo and Juliet say Love's Labor was Lost when Troilus and Cressida stole the Comedy of Errors and sold it to the Merchant of Venice for a cup of sack and a dish of caraways.

Timon of Athens and Cymbeline were parties to the theft, and, after drinking Measure for Measure with the Merry Wives of Windsor, told King John all about it. Richard III, a competent critic, said Bacon could not write even A Winter's Tale, and Henry VIII said: That settles it, so why make so Much Ado About Nothing? Othello was busy discussing a point of honor with Henry IV, V and VI, and as Richard II was absent Taming the Shrew, I could get no further evidence as to who really did write Shakespeare, but All's Well That Ends Well.—St. Louis Republic.

Earns Her Good Complexion.

A young school teacher of Chicago, who is the admired of all admirers for her absolutely faultless complexion, performs a most energetic scouring each evening. When she returns from school, to use her own words, she "looks like a chimney sweep." So she washes her face in lukewarm water, in which some ammonia has been poured. A second water is clear, and a third rubbing is done with a sponge liberally soaked with bay rum, which certainly clears up any speck of dust which might remain. By this time the young lady's fair cheeks are glowing like damask roses. So she soothes them by a little rice powder and goes down to dinner conscious of looking her loveliest. She uses no soap, because she thinks it makes her "shiny."—Chicago Times.

A New England Maid.

A writer in The Christian Union sketches with a sympathetic pen a typical New England old maid, grim and brusque of manner, but having a warm heart; a hard shell saint, he felicitously calls her. "Not long ago," he says, "after the death of a proud aristocrat of the town whom she had nursed faithfully, she said: 'He allers used to think the Lord's overcoat wouldn't make him a jacket. Guess now he knows better.' Nor could Charity itself forbear a smile when one day in the burying ground she first saw 'Memento Mori' cut on the family stone of a local citizen, and exclaimed: 'I knowed all Jem Smith's darters, but blessed if I ever knowed before one of them had married any Mr. Mori.'"

French doctors are reported to have discovered that the essence of cinnamon, when sprinkled in the room of typhoid fever patients, kills the bacteria within twelve hours and prevents the disease from spreading.

The houses of rich Mexicans are said to be palaces, and the grounds around them are gardens. There is an oriental splendor about it all which is not found in the United States.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

SEWING AND COOKING AS TAUGHT IN BOSTON SCHOOLS.

A Pretty Exhibition by Winthrop School Girls—Work That Would Do Credit to the Professional Needle Woman—Dishes That Tempt the Appetite.

It was a pretty display that met the eyes of the invited guests as they entered the hall of the Winthrop school, in response to the invitation to the sewing exhibition. And it was not merely a pretty sight, but a most satisfactory and encouraging one. There was a long line of tables filled with specimens of sewing done by the girls of the school, and at the side was a work table, where a group was busy draughting patterns and fitting dresses. The work that was shown would have done credit to a class of grown women, practiced seamstresses, and it is true that many a grown woman could not begin to do the work so well as these girls have done.

In the first place the machine, although a marvelous assistant, no doubt, is elbowing the good old fashioned hand sewing out of sight, and it is in great danger of becoming a lost art. Or one would better say it was in danger, for, happily, the instruction now given in the public schools is restoring this industry to its proper place, and if they follow when they leave school what they have learned while there, these girls will rival their grandmothers in fine needlework. The sewing was beautifully fine, and when the visitors read on the accompanying cards the names and ages of the little seamstresses the admiration deepened to wonder.

SPECIMENS OF HANDIWORK.

For instance, there was a child's kilt suit, made of a bright pretty plaid for a boy of two or three years of age. There was the kilted skirt, the little vest with the cutest pockets, and the jaunty cutaway jacket piped with black silk braid, and finished with gilt buttons. This was the work of a little girl of 12 years of age. She made every stitch of it, even to the putting in of the vest pockets, preparing the piping and making the button holes. It was as good a piece of work as would come from the hands of the experienced needlewomen. Near this was a dress, or more properly a tea gown, cut and made by a 16-year-old girl. It was of garnet wool, was fitted in at the back in princesse fashion, and and had a loose front of old rose surah smocked at the top in pointed yoke fashion, and hanging thence in graceful folds to the feet; the front was finished by revers of the wool and was tied across with ribbons which matched. The collar and the cuffs of the sleeves were of the surah.

This rather detailed description has been given in order to let those who were not there know something of the scope of the work, and to prove that the training that a girl gets in the public school will enable her to become self supporting when she leaves. A sewing exhibition usually suggests an array of towels, dish wipers and handkerchiefs, more or less well hemmed; but this one was a revolution.

To give readers some idea of the scope of the exhibition, a list of the articles exhibited is here appended: One bag, 2 sleeves, 3 sets of pillow spreads, 27 pairs of pillow slips, 22 undergarments, 5 towels, 6 napkins, 47 skirts, 10 flannel skirts, 9 dolls' garments, 106 aprons, 14 nightdresses, 47 dresses, 1 boy's kilt suit, making 301 pieces in all. This all represented handwork, and every piece was finished with a greater or less degree of elaboration. A pretty woolen dress, made with a simple English skirt and blouse, was finished with the most beautiful and even lines of feather stitching around the skirt and on the blouse. It was the work of a girl of 13. The "white work," as the sewing on cotton is termed, would show well beside any similar exhibition.

FEATS OF COOKING.

Everything was accurately cut and well made. It should be understood that these pieces are not made especially for the exhibition, but they are given as a fair sample of the children's work, and are taken from their work of the year. Of course, only those who do careful, excellent work are allowed to exhibit; that is understood, and it serves as an incentive to the best effort, as every girl feels it an honor to be allowed to have her work at the exhibition.

The cooking exhibition, the first ever given, by the way, in this school, although the school was one of the earliest to avail itself of the school kitchen instruction, was in one of the class rooms adjoining the hall, and was as much a center of interest. Miss Hope, from school kitchen 1, had come over to superintend the arrangement and to look after the pupils, and she looked as happy as the girls themselves. The exhibition was common sensible in the extreme, and showed better than anything else could do the practical side of that branch of work.

Nearly every one spoke of the absence of fancy dishes and of the presence of those that came under the head of necessities, things that every family must have in spite of everything. There were 104 dishes in the exhibition, and they were arranged so tastefully that they made one hungry to look at them. There was fish balls, fried such a delicate brown; light, sweet bread, several loaves, gingerbread, blanc mange, plain pudding, apple pie, white cake, doughnuts, toasted crackers, toasted bread, potato soup, oatmeal, lemonade, mashed potatoes, baked apples with oatmeal, broiled chops and mashed potatoes, fried, boiled, baked and Lyonaise potatoes, stewed rice, custard, both boiled and baked, steamed suet pudding and sauce, and meat and potato pie.—Boston Herald.

Curious.

"Girls are queer."

"Why so?"

"Why, when that pauper Bolus was married to Miss Stocksanbonds, the heiress, she looked tickled to death when he endowed her with all his worldly goods."—Harper's Bazar.

The Liver

When out of order, involves every organ of the body. Remedies for some other derangement are frequently taken without the least effect, because it is the liver which is the real source of the trouble, and until that is set right there can be no health, strength, or comfort in any part of the system. Mercury, in some form, is a common specific for a sluggish liver; but a far safer and more effective medicine is

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"For the cure of headache, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the most effective medicine I ever used."—R. K. James, Dorchester, Mass.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more effective than any other pill I ever took."—Mrs. B. C. Grubb, Burwellville, Va.

"I have found in Ayer's Pills, an invaluable remedy for constipation, biliousness, and kindred disorders, peculiar to miasmatic localities. Taken in small and frequent doses, these Pills

Act Well

on the liver, restoring its natural powers, and aiding it in throwing off malarial poisons."—C. F. Alston, Quitman, Texas.

"Whenever I am troubled with constipation, or suffer from loss of appetite, Ayer's Pills set me right again."—A. J. Kiser, Jr. Rock House, Va.

"In 1858, by the advice of a friend, I began the use of Ayer's Pills as a remedy for biliousness, constipation, high fevers, and colds. They served me better than anything I had previously tried, and I have used them in attacks of that sort ever since."—H. W. Hersh, Judsonia, Ark.

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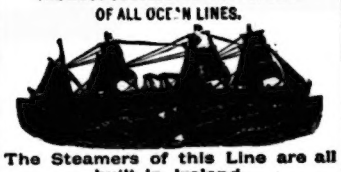

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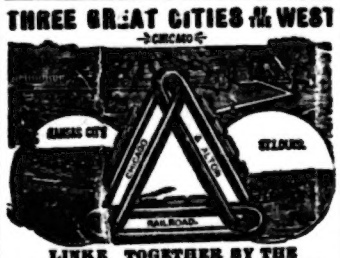

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St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2067 State st; Henry S Howson, R S, 2516 Butterfield st; W J Krier, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 35 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3455 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

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Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 583 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

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St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlsuler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

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Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet 1st Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2341 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 706 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Peitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thompsets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

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Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 820 N Hoyne av, Richmond O Foley, R S, 412 Washtenaw av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

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St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Coutrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Bavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brischi, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 598 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles' Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Tanscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Halithan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

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Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec. 869 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Caldwell-av. and Union-st.

Div No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Prell, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 602 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

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Div. No. 8—James F Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Doian, V P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec. Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m. in North Side Turner Hall.

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Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James F. Kling. Meets first Saturday each month at 1026 W. Lake st.

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THE CRITICS' VERDICT.

Condensed American Newspaper Opinion in Regard to Mr. Finerty's Stirring Book, "Warpath and Bivouac."

A Batch of Ringing Extracts from Leading Journals, East and West—A Fine Literary and Historical Volume.

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.
[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune, May 17.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is an entertaining as a romantic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description. The harrowing tales of the American soldier's suffering on the wild and weird mountain peaks are relieved by many a racy anecdote of camp and bivouac and happy reminiscences of gallant comrades who 'fell fighting.' While the bravery of the American soldier is not forgotten. Mr Finerty is careful to give full credit to the red man for his daring and prowess and for his gallant resistance to what he deemed to be an unwarrantable invasion of his domain."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING
[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot, May 10.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.
[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth, May 6.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.
[*Brooklyn Eagle, May 4.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

GRAPHICALLY AND THRILLINGLY TOLD
[*Kansas City (Mo.) Times, May 12.*]

"Although in the capacity of a newspaper correspondent, Mr. Finerty, to all intents and purposes, was one of the defenders of his country for the time and was ever in the thickest of the fight. But he was more than a soldier as to the purposes of this book. He was not only in battle, but in the hospital, the camp, the forage, the march, and everywhere else that the requirements of his calling took him, and thus he is better enabled than anyone else to give a vivid and accurate account of a very interesting epoch in the history of Indian wars. The story is not only graphically and thrillingly told, but it is careful in detail and careful in style."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.
[*Chicago Inter-Ocean, April 28.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

THE LAST GREAT INDIAN WAR.
[*Chicago Times, April 20.*]

"The conquest commenced by the gold hunting Spaniard, the cavalier on the James, the puritan on Cape Cod was finished on the Rosebud. Mr. Finerty, taking up the theme anew, has presented it in permanent form with all historical accuracy and with that picturesqueness which an episode so memorable in the annals of the republic, so strong in color, so exciting in incident, so momentous to a once mighty race, demands."

A FASCINATING STORY.
[*Chicago Herald, April 19.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West. An excellent map shows the theatre of the war."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.
[*Chicago Morning News, April 25.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS
[*New York Times, April 26.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.
[*New York Herald, April 26.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

FULL OF THE MOST GRAPHIC SKETCHES
[*Army and Navy Journal (N.Y.) April 26.*]

"This volume is so full of the most graphic sketches of Indian fights and of life on the road during the campaign, that selections can be made from it at random of passages sure to interest. * * * To Mr Finerty the army owes thanks for his appreciative notices of it and its services, as it does to Remington, Zogbaum and Nast, for their services in a similar line. The service need ask nothing of the writers and limners except that its portrait should be correctly drawn and it can safely venture comparison with an equal body of men in any profession and anywhere."

USEFUL AND FASCINATING.
[*St. Louis Republic, April 26.*]

"The writer, who is a newspaper veteran of the first rank, has avoided a sensational style, and tells his story in a straightforward, manly fashion, like one who has seen the dangers recited face to face, and been thereby impressed with the stern reality of such hard experiences. Yet the anecdotes and reminiscences of camp life interwoven into the narrative brighten it up, and the whole makes a work that is at once useful as history and fascinating as a narration of the most stirring adventures that it is in the lot of any man to go through."

FULL OF FIRE AND ENTHUSIASM
[*Irish World, May 11.*]

Warpath and Bivouac"—As the *Irish World* announced some time since, Mr. John F. Finerty, who during the Indian campaigns of 1876 and 1879 was war correspondent for the Chicago *Times*, has been engaged for some time in the preparation of a history of those thrilling campaigns attending the conquest of the Sioux tribes. The work, which has just been given to the public under the above title, is ably written, and its descriptions are full of the fire and enthusiasm of Mr. Finerty, who is himself of martial mold and evidently delighted in the dangers and deeds of bravery in which he himself acted a conspicuous and honorable part, and the story of which he tells with the familiar knowledge of personal observation. It will doubtless have an extensive circulation. We hope to be able to give it a more extended review further on.

READS LIKE A THRILLING ROMANCE.
[*Nashville (Tenn.) American.*]

It reads like a thrilling romance—stirring the blood and holding the interest without abatement to the end It is a notable contribution to the history of the conquest of the wild tribes of the great plains—the bravest of all the savage warrior races that ever tried to stay the tide of Caucasian supremacy.

KNOWS HOW TO PUT HIS STORY IN GRAPHIC LANGUAGE.
[*Philadelphia Ledger.*]

Records of Indian warfare are few and far between, but such find an audience always ready for their appearance. "Warpath and Bivouac" is a stirring narrative of adventure and personal experiences, related in a somewhat florid style, in keeping with the topic. In 1876, Mr. Finerty, as war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, accompanied the Big Horn and Yellowstone expedition, organized by Gens. Crook and Terry; and three years later, in the same capacity, he accompanied the campaign on the British border, under Gen. Miles. The battle on the Rosebud, the Custer massacre, Gen. Merritt's fight at the War Bonnet (sometimes Americanized as "Hat" Creek), and the chase after Chief Joseph, are described with vivid detail. The practiced correspondent knows well how to put his story in graphic language. Maps, with numerous portraits of army officers and Indian chiefs, are scattered through this entertaining narration of the conquest of the Sioux. It fills a stout volume of 460 pages.

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.
[*Chicago Evening Journal, May 3.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

TERMS:

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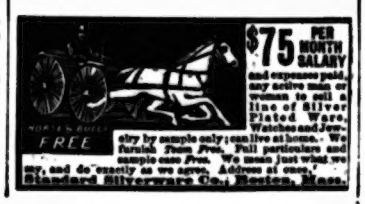
ESTATE OF GEORGE M. MITCHELL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of George M. Mitchell, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1890, being the 21st day thereof. CHARLES S. EVELAND, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, May 16, 1890.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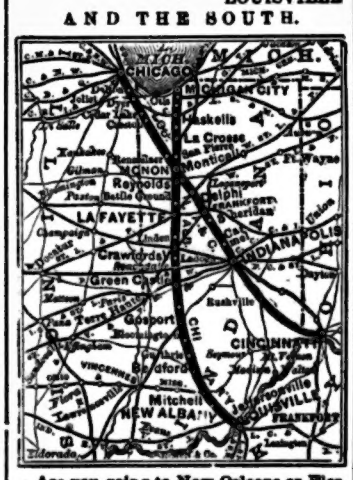

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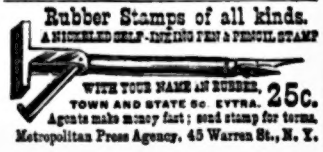
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